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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Traffic of the Russian Mission through Mongolia to China, and residence in Peking, in the years 1820-21.* By George Tinkowski. With Corrections and Notes by J. Von Klaproth. 8vo. 3 vols. London, 1827. Longman and Co.

We need give no other introduction of these curious travels to our readers, than to remind them that they are the same (translated) which we have more than once noticed, as accounts of their remarkable contents found their way into the Literary and Scientific Journals of Russia and Germany. Illustrated by plates and maps, well rendered into English by Mr. Lloyd, and assisted by the notes of Mr. Klaproth, they cannot fail to furnish a fund of valuable and amusing matter respecting countries and people comparatively very little known.

Russia has had a church at Peking for a hundred years, with resident priests, assistants, &c.; and this small colony is generally renewed every tenth year. The last mission\* left Petersburg in 1819 to relieve its precursor, which had been at Peking since 1806: it arrived at Jakutsk in February 1820; and after meeting the Chinese functionaries, Mongol troops, guides, interpreters, &c. ordered to attend it, it crossed the frontier at Kiakhta on the 31st of August, and took the route for Peking. This route it is unnecessary for us to follow: suffice it to say, that it ran from nearly 51° to 40° latitude, in about a S.S.E. direction; first across a mountainous region, next over sandy deserts, and finally over a district diversified by hill, water, and cultivation, towards the end of the journey. More striking particulars will appear from the selection of extracts which we have made of the leading events which befell on the way. We shall begin with an account of brick tea.

"The Mongols, and most of the nomades of Middle Asia, make use of this tea; it serves them both for drink and food. The Chinese carry on a great trade in it, but never drink it themselves. In the tea manufactories, which are for the most part in the Chinese government of Fokien, the dry, dirty, and damaged leaves and stalks of the tea are thrown aside, they are then mixed with a glutinous substance, pressed into moulds, and dried in ovens. These blocks are called by the Russians, on account of their shape, brick tea. The Mongols, the Bourists, the inhabitants of Siberia, beyond Lake Baikal, and the Kalmucks, take a piece of this tea, pound it in a mortar made on purpose, and throw the powder into a cast-iron vessel full of boiling water, which they suffer to stand a long time upon the fire; adding a little salt and milk, and sometimes mixing flour fried in oil. This tea, or broth, is known by the name of Satouran. I have drunk brick tea prepared both ways, and found it palatable enough; at least very nourishing; all depends

on the skill and cleanliness of the cook. This brick tea serves also instead of money in the dealings of these people, as well as in Daouria."

Near the river Shara, the author relates—

"We approached a Mongol temple, situated near the road, at the foot of mount Gounton Sambou. On the summit is a soubourgan, or bounka, the white colour of which attracts the notice of the traveller. A soubourgan is a kind of chapel, erected by rich people for the expiation of their sins, and in the hope of future reward. It is built of wood or stone, in the form of a pyramid, and has only one small opening on the south side. On the consecration of a soubourgan they throw into it some hundred little cones of clay, called in Mongol *tsatsa*, which are considered as the symbolic images of deified persons. These *tsatsa* ought properly to be composed of nine kinds of valuable materials, gold, silver, jewels, pearls, &c.; but as few persons are able to sacrifice so many precious articles, they content themselves with mingling a small quantity in little clay figures, over which prayers, composed for the purpose, are recited; and to give the soubourgan complete merit, no less than a hundred *tsatsa* must be thrown into it. However, the number of these gifts depends on the good will, the fortune, and the devotion of the founders. The Mongols shew great respect to these chapels; whoever passes by must stop, and make three prostrations, go three times round the chapel, and throw something in as an offering; were it only a lock of his hair or a chip of wood. The temple situated on the bank of the Shara is built of wood, painted white on the outside, and has a red roof. In the interior some perfumed tapers of Tibet, of a dark red colour, made of bark of trees and musk, were burning before the idols. Two lamas were reading the *gandjour*, so absorbed in meditation that they did not deign to look at us."

Among other superstitions we find the kadack.

"The kadack is a yellow and sometimes gray silk riband, ornamented with a pattern of the same colour, generally an arsheen in length and five *verschok* in breadth. The Mongols, like the Tibetans, hang these kadacks before their idols, to adorn the offerings which they present, and to give weight to their prayers. Young people give it to their elders, as a testimony of their respect and devotion; and persons of the same age give it to each other, as a token of friendship. A large arrow with a kadack wrapped round it is placed over the grave of relations and friends. I recollect having frequently seen in the churchyards of the villages of Little Russia similar kadacks, suspended to the crosses set up over graves, but only over those of unmarried Cossacks. Every kadack must be blessed by a lama, by reciting prescribed prayers; and it is not till after this ceremony that the kadack acquires its supernatural virtues."

At one of the evening halts the following characteristic traits are described—

"Some of the Mongol sentinels sang their national songs. I called two of them, and treated them with brandy, and, to please us, they continued to sing; the one in high tenor, the other in bass. The airs of all their songs are nearly the same; they are in general plaintive and harmonious. The horse, the friend and companion of the inhabitant of the steppes, acts a predominant part in these songs. In this vast plain was brought the cream-coloured courser, swift as an arrow, the ornament of the herd and the glory of the whole kouchou. When the border summons to the chase, Idam hastens to the forests of Karastuin, overthrows the goats and the stags, the ferocious wild boars, and the terrible panthers; all admire the boldness of the rider, and the rapidity of his courser. There is the young Teyren armed for the service of the khan; he flies to the Russian frontier, to the post of Mendain; he addresses his prayer to the *bourkhan* (domestic divinities); he takes leave of his father, his mother, and his wife; with extreme grief, he saddles his coal-black steed. With a melancholy and pensive air, the warrior hastens to the north; silent is the steppe around him; the wind of the desert scarcely agitates his feathered arrows; the elastic bow strikes against his Solonian saddle. Teyren traverses gloomy and unknown forests; he perceives in the distance blue mountains, with which he is unacquainted. The friendly behaviour of the neighbouring brave Cossacks sometimes calms his melancholy, but his thoughts always fly back to his paternal mountains. The young Mongol, whose soul is uneasy, and his mind oppressed by an unknown power, beholds in his nightly dreams the shades of his warlike ancestors. Where is our dreaded and intrepid Gengis Khan? The songs of his mighty deeds re-echo mournfully amidst the rocks of the Onon, and on the verdant banks of the Keroulun. Who is that riding on the smooth bank of the Shara, singing in a low voice beloved words? Whose is that bay courser, which runs so swiftly? What does this cheerful warrior seek, who passes by the white tents? his heart well knows who is she that lives in them: he will soon cease to roam about these mountains; his fiery courser will soon obtain him a wife. This bay courser, rapid as a whirlwind, is ready for the chase. The Obo is covered with spectators. He neighs; his light foot stamps on the pointed stones; he bites the ground in his impatience. The signal is given, all dart to the goal. Clouds of dust envelop the racers, and the bay courser, always victorious, arrives first, leaving his panting rivals far behind, &c." Such is the substance of most of the Mongol songs."

The mission paid a visit to the *vang* or governor of northern Mongolia, an appanaged Mongol prince, and a descendant from Gengis Khan: he appears to be a fair specimen of the Asiatic nobleman, and writes verses, like our old friend Baber. There is here a singular account of the installation of the Koutouktou, or human god, whom the Mongolians and their

\* Composed of an archimandrite, five other ecclesiastics, and four young men of from 23 to 27 years of age. The author was appointed to conduct the out-going and bring back the returning party.

lamas worship, like the Dalai Lama. At Ourga, where the court resides, Mr. Timkowski says—

"I learnt from Idam that the vang, the amban, the dzargoutchi, and the bitketchia, assembled every morning in the tribunal, habited in mourning, to celebrate a ceremony in memory of the deceased emperor, which is performed in the following manner:—A chest filled with earth is placed in the apartment; when the company is assembled, each person is presented with tea, with milk, in pewter cups: every one, before drinking, pours some drops of the tea on the earth which is in the chest, and while drinking must shed tears to deplore the death of the sovereign. This ceremony is repeated during the hundred days of the mourning, unless the new emperor should issue an ordinance to shorten it. Idam informed me, that the tribunal (called the yamsou) is the supreme court of the country of the Kalkas: it has the civil and military jurisdiction, and administers justice: sentence is past according to the printed code of laws. The decisions of the tribunal are subject to the approbation of the vang and the amban, who exercise the functions of commissioner and attorney-general. In ordinary cases, sentence is carried into execution, after being confirmed by the vang; but those of greater importance are referred to the tribunal of foreign affairs at Peking, which decides in the last instance. The punishment is proportioned to the offence: torture is employed in the examination, and in a very cruel manner. The punishments are also horribly severe; sometimes the criminals are broken on the wheel, sometimes quartered, at others, torn in pieces by four horses; or their feet held in boiling water, &c."

Leaving Ourga, the author states—

"From the right bank of the Tola, till within a short distance of Peking, the road, with the exception of a few windings, runs in a southeasterly direction. For about fifteen wersts it was ascending, and covered with fragments of rock. On the right hand it is for some wrights contiguous to one of the branches of Mount Khanola, on which rise stones of colossal size. The summits are covered with fine birch and larch trees; numerous streams fall from the ridge of the mountain, and form the Koul, a small river which joins the Tola. Herds of buffaloes were feeding in the low grounds at the foot of the mountain. From the banks of the Tola to the heights of Nalika, we saw many very wretched tents by the roadside; near most of them there were nooses to catch the horses, hoops and poles for the tents, &c. All these wooden articles are sold to the inhabitants of the desert of Gobi, which is entirely destitute of wood. Fifteen wersts from the Tola, the caravan had to ascend five wersts to reach the summit of Nalika. From this place we beheld an extensive plain; the soil was composed of small stones; on the left were naked rocks, between which the Tola flows. The Mongols believe, that in a deep abyss in this mountain, there are immense treasures of gold and silver, which were concealed there in ancient time by robbers; frightful precipices and noxious vapours forbid all access to the most daring mortals. This part of the country is much renowned in the history of the Kalkas for the battles fought by the Mongols at the time of the invasion of the celebrated Galdan, prince of the Sungari, towards the close of the 17th century, when the country of the Kalkas was incorporated with the Chinese empire."

The following are among the curious historical traditions—they relate to Koung Ming, a famous Chinese general.

"The kingdom of Chu, founded by Lieou-chin, or Lieou-peï, having been invaded by the enemy, Koung Ming ordered a stone statue of a man, of the ordinary size, to be set up on the high road by which the hostile army must advance. This statue held in one hand a sword, and in the other a book, the leaves of which were impregnated with poison. The general of the enemy's army coming to this spot, and seeing the book open, began to read it, and found it interesting. As he frequently put his fingers to his mouth in order to moisten them, to turn over the leaves more easily, he soon felt the effects of the poison. He attempted to retire, but could not, his coat of mail being attracted by the pedestal, which was composed of loadstone. Enraged at this, he seized the sword which the statue held in the other hand, and struck it. This action proved still more fatal to him. The stroke having caused sparks to fly, they kindled the combustibles enclosed in the interior of the statue, the explosion of which killed him. His army, terrified at the sudden death of its general, was obliged to retreat."

"On another occasion, the same Koung Ming was encamped opposite the enemy, from whom he was separated only by a river. Having his camp higher up the stream, he caused straw puppets, of the size of life, to be put on board of boats, with lighted torches in them. The boats were carried down the stream, to the enemy's camp; who, seeing them full of soldiers, as they imagined, discharged many thousand arrows at them; so that they soon emptied their quivers. Koung Ming, who had foreseen this, passed the river, and gained a complete victory over the enemy, who did not expect to be attacked."

We will, however, return to modern times—a visit to a temple.

"At eleven o'clock we went to visit the temple. It is built on the side of the mountain, and, according to the rules of Tibetan architecture, with the front towards the south. At the foot of the declivity there is a well, near which flows a stream that rises in the neighbouring mountains. The temple is about 250 toises in circumference, and is surrounded with a wall, which, as well as the whole edifice, is built of bricks painted red: the roofs are of pan-tiles. At the main southern entrance, two high beams or masts are planted in the ground. Behind the wall on the east side, a wooden house contains the dining-room of the lamas, at the time when their assemblies are held here, and on the west side are seven tents, the residence of the lamas attached to the service of the temple. Idam's nephew, who accompanied us, called the porter, who led us through the principal entrance into the vestibule. There were here four wooden idols of gigantic stature, representing warriors in full armour: the first had a red face, and held in his hands a twined serpent; the face of the second was white, he had in his right hand a parasol, which in China serves to distinguish ranks, and in his left hand a mouse; the third had a blue face, and carried a sword in his hand; the fourth, whose face was yellow, was playing on a lute. These bourkhans, or sacred persons, were named Ioulkoursoun, Patchibou, Tchémidzan, and Nontosséré. They are tengri, or Maha-ransakhan, who live two thousand five hundred years, and are a hundred and twenty fathoms in height. They preside over the temporal happiness of mortals, and dwell in four different regions of Mount Soumer, which is the centre of the universe, and the abode of the guardian angels. This mountain has seven

gilded summits, and extends a hundred thousand wersts towards each of the four parts of the world. Having crossed a court-yard, paved with bricks, we entered the principal temple, where the lamas generally assemble to pray. In winter, however, they do not mass, on account of the cold. About the wooden pillars in the inside are standards, drums, and kadaks, the walls are hung with silk, upon which are representations of the most revered saints. Opposite to the door, on the north wall, are large copper idols; near them are places for the elder lamas, resembling arm-chairs, with cushions covered with yellow satin: carpets of felt are spread upon the floor, for the inferior priests. Every thing is kept very neat and clean. Behind this temple there is a small building, against the northern wall of which stands the gilt idol of Boudha. This temple, like the first, is adorned with a great number of kadaks. A large table, with dishes full of butter and millet, stands before the idol. The Mongol, Hindoo, and Chinese priests are of opinion that the blood of animals does not please the gods, because they abhor destruction. These tables, therefore, supply the place of the ensanguined altars, which, among the heathens of the western world, were often stained with the blood even of human victims; a barbarity demonstrative of the ferocity of their priests. We saw upon the table several cups of gilt copper, filled with iced water and tea, a dish of millet, and near the table a fan made of peacocks' feathers. In the third building, at the farther end of the court, they preserve, in wooden repositories, the work called *Gandjour*, which contains the law of Boudha. It is composed of 108 volumes, of which fifty-four are ranged on the right side of the temple, and the other fifty-four on the left; each volume contains about 1000 pages. Near the copper idols is the *Jom*, a book in sixteen volumes. Both these works are in the Tibetan language, and are richly bound. On each side of the last building was a small empty house. These temples were erected by the ancestors of Demit, who have long resided in this country. The chief priest is a young koubilgan, who resides at Ourga for his education."

[To be continued.]

*The Roman History.* By G. B. Niebuhr. Translated from the German by F. A. Walker. Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1827. C. and J. Rivington.

It is not often that it falls to our lot to notice a production like the present. Such works as Niebuhr's History of Rome are nearly as rare in their appearance as comets, and are not, like them, calculated to be gazed on, wondered at, and forgotten. They produce a powerful and lasting effect in the department of literature to which they belong, as great as new discoveries do in natural science; and we venture to predict that the labours of Mr. Niebuhr will be as influential upon history as those of Priestley and Cavendish upon chemistry.

Mr. Niebuhr is an undaunted and independent thinker and writer; the *argumentum ad verecundiam* avails nought with him; authority sways him not; and he examines and rejects the tales of Livy and Dionysius, when weighed in the critical balance and found wanting, with as little ceremony as he would those of a Mandeville or Mendes Pinto. The quantity of various knowledge he possesses is enough to astonish here, whatever it may do in his own country; and the closest reasoning and profoundness in-



vestigation are frequently clothed in a style full of strength and eloquence.

The matters of great importance to Roman history and to history in general, that Mr. Niebuhr has discussed, are many—such as, the origin of Rome, the early constitution and the constitution established by Servius Tullius, the disputes between the patricians and plebeians, the Agrarian law, and the law of debt, &c. &c.; on some of which he arrives at perfect certainty, on others, approximates as closely to the truth as his authorities allow. Altogether, these volumes must exert a powerful influence on the mind of anyone who only knows the early history of Rome from the ancient historians, or from their modern copiers; and form a surprising contrast to such works as Machiavelli's *Discorsi*, where the most absurd legends in Livy are considered and reasoned upon as true history.

In a book where one page can hardly be said to be more important than another, it is difficult to select any particular parts as specimens. We shall, therefore, almost consign ourselves to chance, and commence with a portion of the chapter on the origin and nature of early history, which will enable our readers to form an idea of what Mr. Niebuhr's notions are respecting the base on which the splendid edifice in Livy rests.

"With Tullus Hostilius begins a new ætæon, and a narrative, resting on historical grounds, of a nature altogether different from that of the preceding. Intermediate between the times of absolute fiction which bear an irrational relation to history, and the genuine historic age, we find, amongst all nations, a compound, which, if we would designate its nature by a name, we may call the Mythico-Historic. This has no defined limits, but extends itself even to where contemporary history begins, and is the more strongly marked, in proportion to the richness of the early traditions, and the paucity of instances in which moderns have drily filled up the vacuity of ancient history, from monuments and records, neglecting the historical songs. Hence it is found in the history of the middle ages, in the North and in Spain; while, on the contrary, that of several nations of the rest of Europe has scarcely preserved a trace of it, during that period. Among the Greeks, the Persian war still retains the character of a bold epic fiction; and in still earlier times, almost every thing lively or attractive in that history is poetry. In the Roman history, fiction, strictly speaking, does not descend much lower, though it reappears from time to time, and even until the end of the fourth century; it is injured by studied falsification, until the wars of Pyrrhus, when foreigners, at least, began to write it contemporaneously. This is positive injury; poetic narrative is something different from, but better than, genuine history; upon whose soil we merely rediscover what fatigues or grieves us in real life. The relation between this poetical history and mythology is this:—that the former is evidently and necessarily based on historical foundation, and its materials are, for the most part, borrowed from history, as it exists in free narrative; but the latter is drawn from religion and popular fables, and makes no pretensions to be a possible history of the ordinary world; although, so far as it treats of human affairs, it can have no other theatre. To the latter, for instance, belongs Hercules, Romulus, and Siegfried; to the former, Aristomenes, Brutus, and the Cid. On the confines of mythology, poetical narrative predominates at one side—history at the other. Few only of the characters mentioned

during this period are fictitious. Many of the chronological statements from the Fasti have all the accuracy which is conceivable in that age; but to this point alone we must confine their claims as history. For when historians arose, that which was styled history was alone attended to; but monuments and records were not consulted—perhaps from neglect—perhaps because they could not be brought to accord with the poetic traditions; and every one preferred a spirited fiction to a history compiled from original fragments. In Greece, at a later period, we find history composed of these materials by Ephorus, the authors of the *Atthides*, and the occasionally fallacious Timæus, in the same manner as we write of the middle ages—highly meritorious, but too uncertain for posterity. This source was but sparingly resorted to in Rome, and probably only by L. Cincius with good sense and some industry. The Roman records were certainly from the earliest times meagre in comparison with the historical copiousness of Athens, and almost every Greek city. Their laws were for a long time only engraved on tables of oak, and therefore the more readily fell a prey to the flames when the city was captured by the Gauls, and men had scarcely time or thought to rescue even the primary institutes. The only ancient document recorded, of the whole period of the monarchy, is the league of Servius Tullius with the Latins, and of the last Tarquinius with the Gabii. The latter was graven on a shield. Verrius Flaccus has quoted commentaries of Servius Tullius, which appear to have contained the laws relative to the constitution ascribed to that monarch. From the times which immediately followed the banishment of the kings, the leagues with Carthage, with the Latins, and with the Ardeans, are quoted as still in existence; but it is partly difficult, partly impossible, to reconcile their contents with the historical narrative. Annals of the monarchy, like the pontifical which in a very early epoch of the commonwealth may be deemed contemporary, seem never even to have been alleged. The Fasti which Polybius saw with the pontifices, must also have given the reigns of the kings, because he computed from them the year of the Olympiad in which Rome was founded. But Fasti, with a few notices, are still very different even from the most meagre chronicle. It may not be considered decisive of the question, whether Rome had any thing in the shape of annals of the monarchy, that the first mention of the secular festival occurs in the year 208. The force of this proof, however really important in itself, may with some speciousness be weakened, if we observe that Censorinus quotes the books of the keepers of the Sibylline oracles, which were first introduced in the times of the last king. I think, however, that had he seen these books, he would also have seen and consulted the pontifical annals, if they had been extant, since he thought it so enigmatical that this should be the first mention of the festival. We have an incontestable proof that they did not commence earlier than the battle at the Regillus, because, previous to that event, no distinct mention is made of any prodigies, which it was obviously imperative on them to record, as their archetypes, the Etruscan chronicles did; but from that time forward, they are noticed, though at first seldom and sparingly. In the same manner, the total absence of names in the history of the last six kings of Rome, proves the complete destruction, not only of their own annals, but of every narrative of that description respecting those times. The family legends give

frequent and circumstantial accounts, though perfectly fabulous, of the leading men of every gens from the first day of the commonwealth. But they could not have contained the smallest notice of any ancestor of the kingly times; for we must have known it through Dionysius, who eagerly raked together every thing which could swell out his pretended history of that period, in respect of duration. That the Valerii should have called a Sabine who accompanied Tatius, the founder of their family, is another matter altogether. But without poetry no tradition can continue to exist, at least cannot attain such perfection as the exquisitely beautiful history of the kings of Rome. Rome had at one time songs in praise of great men, which were sung to the accompaniment of the flute at convivial entertainments; and republican Rome would no more have robbed herself of the recollection of her kings, than she would have removed their statues from the Capitol. In the brilliant days of liberty, the ancient kings of the nation were venerated and sacred characters, such as the historians of ancient Rome first introduced them amongst the great men of Roman history. It was the pride of great families to trace their mythic origin to Numa and Marcia. What we now call the history of the Roman kings was rendered out of these songs into prosaic narrative: e. g. that of Romulus, which forms in itself an epopee. Those of the three following kings stand almost separate from each other, except that Numa is connected with the Sabine war, through Tatius; and in the same manner Tullus and Ancus are brought into connexion with the two first kings by their pedigree. But with L. Tarquinius Priscus commences a great poem, which terminates with the battle at the Regillus; and this song of Tarquinius is in its prosaic form as indescribably poetical as it is peculiarly and altogether foreign to history. His arrival at Rome, as Lucum—his deeds and victories—his death;—then the history of Servius—the criminal nuptials of Tullia—the murder of the righteous king—the whole story of the last Tarquinius—the downfall of the kings, with all the precursory omens—Lucretia—the idiom of Brutus—his death—the war of Persena—lastly, the perfectly Homeric battle at the Regillus, constitute an epopee, which for sublimity and brilliancy of invention throws far into the shade every production of later Rome. In the same manner as the ancient Roman verse essentially accords with the long rhythm of our forefathers, so this epopee divides itself, in a way foreign to the unity of the most perfect poem of Greece, into sections which correspond with the adventures of the Nibelung Lied; and if any one had the boldness to attempt restoring it as a poem, he would greatly fail if he selected any other than its present magnificent form. These songs are much antecedent to Ennius, who merely transferred them into hexameters, and found in them materials for three books; he, who sincerely believed himself to be Rome's earliest poet, because he was ignorant of the old native poetry, despised and successfully suppressed them. I shall treat of these and their destruction in another place. One observation only is necessary; viz. that however unquestionably ancient was the ground-work of the epic songs, yet the form in which they exist, and a great part of their contents, appear to be much more recent than the first days of the commonwealth. Like the pontifical annals which falsified history for the patricians, so there prevails throughout all these fictitious a plebeian feeling, hatred against the patricians, and evident indications that, when

they were written, several plebeian families had already attained influence and authority. In this sense we must understand the grants of land by Numa, Tullus, and Servius; we find all the popular kings favour the people against the patricians; Romulus as well as Servius. As participants in the murder of Servius, the patricians appear cruel and detestable—the plebeian Servius is the ideal of excellence—the founders of the commonwealth are plebeian—Gaius Cæcilia, a Roman female of plebeian rank, wife to Tarquinius Priscus, is related to the Metelli—Mutius Scævola is a plebeian. Amongst the patricians the Valerii and Horatii are alone nobly distinguished, both gentes favourable to the people. For these reasons I would not date these poems, as far as we know their contents, earlier than the end of the fourth century, and that as the very earliest date. The consultation of the Pythian oracle also refers to that period. The account of the last king having symbolically shewn to his son how to cut off the leading men of Gabii, is a Greek story in Herodotus; we must therefore presume that there was some acquaintance with Greek traditions, though not directly with Herodotus."

The account of the Sibylline books is curious. Mr. Niebuhr thus satisfactorily explains the true nature and contents of them.

"In Jupiter's Cella, Tarquinius deposited the Sibylline books, under the custody of two guardians. Here, also, tradition wavers between the two Tarquins. Varro, in Lactantius, records of the elder king what all the others mention as having happened to the later. They even vary as to the number of the volumes offered by a strange woman to the Roman monarch, at a price which, if Lactantius has expressed Varro's account with any degree of accuracy in the coin of his own time, equalled the amount of property of the second class. 'The unknown,' he says, 'demanded three hundred pieces of gold.' Probably therefore Varro had mentioned 30,000 sesteritia, amounting to 75,000 pounds. Even if he intended gold pieces, and had in view old Greek statera, the said sum would have exceeded the property of the first class. Twice did the king refuse her demand, as absurd. After she had burnt two-thirds of the number of volumes originally offered, and presented herself for the last time with the one, or the three still remaining, he paid her the price required. The majority of the narrators, as well as the formal expression, 'It is commanded the Decemviri to consult the Sibylline books,' favour the opinion, that the larger number, three, was preserved. That there was only one saved, Pliny believes is beyond a doubt. These oracles, as he expressly says, (though probably only presumes), were written on papyrus; and at that time, (so recent were the annals in ordinary manuscript,) it appeared extraordinary that the original of Tarquinius was preserved more than four hundred years, until it was consumed in the burning of the capitol. Moreover, these volumes became such a formidable secret, since Tarquinius caused one of the Decemviri, to whose care he had intrusted them, to be drowned, as a parricide, for divulging their contents,—that no information is to be had upon that point. Even the keepers, whose number, originally two, was afterwards increased to ten, and ultimately to fifteen, scarcely ventured to open them, except when they received orders to that effect from the senate. We know not, therefore, with certainty, in what language they were written. Even in the latest times, the question seems

scarcely to have been proposed, although it was the prevalent belief, that early Rome was separated by a deep chasm from the Greeks and every thing Grecian; although, in this view, it must appear inconceivable that the Roman priests could have used books, to the exposition of which they dared not admit any foreign interpreter. But in reality, even supposing what is by no means probable, that, until the second Punic war, the literature of Greece was, without any exception, wholly unknown to the Romans, they were not so absolutely ignorant of its language. In the fifth century, the Roman ambassador addressed the Tarentine assembly of the people in Greek, though defectively; and how could Rome and Carthage have negotiated, except through the common medium of the Greek tongue? which was so well known to the Carthaginians, that Hannibal wrote Greek. Previous to this, the Punic government had at one time interdicted its being taught; a prohibition which of course was speedily forgotten, and proves the frequent use of the language. That the old Roman Sibylline books were composed in Greek, is further proved by the fact, that the senate endeavoured to replace them, by collecting the Sibylline books and aphorisms current amongst the Greeks, which, as appears from Aristophanes, were held in high estimation by the believers at Athens, together with the prophecies of Bacis during the Peloponnesian war; i.e. in the former half of the fourth century. They were probably nothing more than such a collection, and like the later, a series of oracular sayings delivered in hexameters; for, although the only quotations in history, as results of consulting the holy songs, are mandates to pay especial honour to Greek deities, or introduce their worship at Rome, yet scarcely any other could be expected, where the question did not concern a knowledge of futurity, but merely what should be done to propitiate the heavens. We find, however, in Livy himself, mention of a distinct prophecy, which certainly was falsified by the event, viz. 'That Rome must not extend her sway beyond the Taurus;' a command which, if it was found in those ancient volumes, that certainly were not written for Rome, points to Asia, to the Erythrean Herophila, or the Sardinian Sibyl of Philetas, and was probably composed for the Lydian kings, without specifying any particular nation. Finally, the Greek origin of the Sibylline poems is evident from the answers which the republic received from them. They invariably enjoined the worship of Greek deities; and 'to sacrifice according to the Greek ritual,' was synonymous with offering a victim at the command of the Sibylline books. Besides, it is difficult to conceive the manner of seeking answers from these books in any given instance. The only imaginable mode of proceeding seems to be, that the keepers acted like the easterns when they consult the Koran or Hafiz; or like the early Christians when they had recourse to the Bible as an oracle, i.e. by opening or unrolling the volume after preparatory prayer, and noting the passage which first met the eye."

The following is Mr. Niebuhr's opinion of the celebrated Porsena, and of the war carried on by him on behalf of the exiled Tarquins:

"Clusium probably enjoyed at one time the supremacy over the other allied Etruscan towns. Its extraordinary power and riches are proved by the stupendous tomb of Porsena, which is described by Pliny. Indeed, the historical existence of this gigantic structure is not only questionable, in that Pliny has merely copied

from Varro, what Varro himself has described not from his own observation, but from the Etruscan annals; but further, it is highly improbable that such an edifice should have been so completely destroyed within five centuries, that even its site could not be discovered; and, above all, no testimony from the annals of a nation, which possessed nothing but a legendary priestly literature, can be considered valid against the absolute intrinsic impossibility of such tiers of pyramids. Yet to doubt the existence of an enormous monument, because the ancient description surpasses the eastern fairy tales in its monstrous reveries, is forbidden by the examples of eastern descriptions of the splendour and extent of ancient edifices, whose existence, though within much more moderate limits, is unquestionable, because for the most part we still see them in ruins. The historical truth of this monument may have been, pyramids resting on a common base, which was nearly cubical, or very low truncated pyramidal. But this account, wrought up so like a tale of romance, and ascribed to a king whom the independence of the Etruscan nation survived only two centuries, already begets a well-grounded suspicion of the existence of Porsena as an historical person, in this mythic age of Roman history. Cicero, who uniformly, in the early history, follows sources of information directly contradictory to those which have subsequently obtained historic authority, silently, yet plainly, rejects the Clusian Porsena in the history of this war; for he says that neither the Veientes nor the Latins could have been adequate to regain the Roman throne for Tarquinius. The less, then, ought it to be stigmatised as a refinement in scepticism, if we consider Porsena as a hero of the old Etruscan romance, who is there represented as a king, ruling far and wide, to whom Roman poetry has ascribed the Etruscan war, by which the Tarquins pressed the city; though it cannot be distinguished from the earlier war, in which the battle at the forest of Arsis is said to have taken place. It was scarcely dishonourable to be conquered by Porsena; to submit to such a hero and his virtues furnished a suitable introduction to the story of his magnanimous use of victory."

No part of Roman history is more familiar to the general reader than the story of C. Marcus Coriolanus, his just vengeance against his ungrateful country, and the stern soul of the victorious warrior bending before the entreaties of his mother and wife, and sparing the guilty town: for the greatest of poets has made this story the subject of one of his immortal dramas, and from him we learn to detest the ferocious and cowardly rabble that we have hitherto supposed the Roman plebeians to have been. But all this illusion vanishes when Mr. Niebuhr holds up the mirror of truth before us. Thus it is that he treats the legend:

"That the hardened leader of a faction, whom a deserved sentence converted into the enemy of his country, and who, as general in chief of its hereditary foes, avenged himself fearfully on his native land for the justly inflicted penalty of his crimes;—that he should be styled in history 'a great man' is an instance of the extreme prejudice with which even posterity forms its judgment. Coriolanus does not deserve to be compared with Alcibiades, in whom, agreeably to the national temperament of his people, the passionate transition from crime to repentance was easier than in a Roman; whom a really undeserved sentence had oppressed; whom his own nation did not understand; and who, when his resentment



had cooled, repaired his errors in a manner of which none but himself was capable. In him the love of his country was an enduring passion, and like jealousy, only rendered its object wretched; his object, after the hasty and irresistible ebullition of wrath, was merely to compel the Athenians to be sensible of his loss, but never to destroy his country: but the latter was that to which Coriolanus aspired, or to a tyrannous and sanguinary personal revenge. Yet even the unmerited partiality of history is less striking than that this enemy of his country has become the nation's hero, and that every tongue has unceasingly celebrated his praise. Eulogies such as these, though originating with a faction who felt no abhorrence of his crimes, yet certainly evince that in him perished a vast and mighty spirit. This high renown must have been earned by deeds of heroism though attested by no consulship, and the only exploit noticed in history seems doubtful from the very circumstance which is intended to confirm it. The conquest of Corioli is ascribed to him in his capacity of commander-in-chief, as Livy states on the authority of the ancient story; but the Latin league proves that the consul, Postumus Cominius, was absent from Rome, and therefore later authors concluded that he must have headed the army in the Volscian war, and that C. Marcius had served under him. In fact, there is not an instance discoverable in the range of early history of a conquest achieved by any other than the person invested with the chief magistracy: this indeed follows from the nature and duration of the early campaigns. If then the more credible narrative be a production of comparatively modern date; if the old *Fasti* and *Annales* which merely annexed to the names of the consuls their exploits and triumphs, are altogether silent respecting the Volscian war of Cominius, we may reasonably doubt the whole story, and conjecture that it was invented from the surname of Marcius, i. e. Coriolanus, and in no very remote period. When once the practice of conferring surnames on the generals according to their victories and conquests had begun with the triumph of the great Scipio Africanus, and prevailed to a great extent, men soon forgot how recent was the usage, and that names of similar formation had previously been affixed, from the places of residence, or the principal possessions of the families so distinguished. In the very early ages another mode of appellation was customary, derived from the people from which the gens was descended, or perhaps from the maternal line, in the case of individual families. Now it certainly is highly improbable, that, during three centuries, C. Marcius alone should have enjoyed that designation; and there is nothing to interfere with the supposition, that his family, like others, were called after their residence in a Latin city, which was first wrested from Rome and Latium in the great Volscian war. For we find Corioli in the list of the thirty Latin cities in Dionysius, which certainly refers to a very early date, as it contains several which were subsequently ruined and became extinct, and seems to have been copied either from the league of Servius Tullius or from that of the consul Sp. Cassius, both these documents being extant in his days."

We shall conclude with the following character of Virgil,—the most just, accurate, and beautiful appreciation of the distinguishing characteristics of that charming and amiable poet, that, we will venture to say, is to be found in the whole compass of criticism.

"Virgil has described these wars in the latter

half of the *Æneid*, altering, however, and hurrying on the course of events in the tale. Its contents were certainly national, yet it is scarcely credible that even an unprejudiced Roman could have derived any real pleasure from these stories. We feel but too painfully how ill the poet has succeeded in elevating those shadows, those characterless names of everyday barbarians, to the rank of living men, such as are the heroes of Homer. Perhaps the subject was unmanageable, at least by Virgil, whose inventive genius was too sterile, however great his talent for ornament. That he was sensible of this himself, and did not despise that kind of excellence to which he was competent, is proved by his imitations and plagiarisms, as well as his dissatisfaction with a work which already enjoyed universal admiration. He who composes a work by industry and piecing is acquainted with the crevices and rents, which can only by a careful joining escape the unpractised eye, and from which the work of a master is exempt, being thrown off as it were in one great cast. Virgil himself had a foreboding that all the foreign embellishments with which he had decorated his work, constituted the richness of the poem, but were not his own, and that posterity would at one time detect the plagiarism. That, notwithstanding this painful consciousness, he laboured, in the path still open to him, to confer the highest beauty which it was capable of receiving from his hands, upon a poem which he did not write of his own choice,—that he did not vainly and mistakenly aspire to a genius which nature had denied him,—that he did not allow himself to be intoxicated by the idolatry with which he was every where worshipped,—that when Propertius sang of him—

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Græci,  
Nescio quid majus nascitur Illiade;

—that, when death was about to release him from the fetters of political allegiance, he was anxious to destroy what in that solemn hour he was forced to contemplate with dissatisfaction as the subject of a false renown;—all this challenges our respect, and our indulgence to all the imperfections of his work. A first essay is not always the criterion of excellence, but the first poetic effusion of Virgil's youth proved that he formed himself with incredible industry, and that none of his powers were lost through neglect. How amiable and noble-minded does he appear, when he pours forth the native feelings of his heart! not merely on subjects of agriculture and in all his pictures of a pure and quiet life, or in his epigram on Syron's villa; but equally so in his exhibition of those mighty spirits which shone with resplendent lustre in the history of Rome."

Our last extract alone would, we think, vouch sufficiently for the powers and eloquence of the original writer, and for the energy and spirit of the translation. The translation of such a work, indeed, appears to us to have been a task that must have presented uncommon difficulties, but they have apparently been completely overcome. We have no doubt but that Niebuhr's History of Rome will become a standard work in our universities, and we are sure that no good library can be without it.

*The Military Sketch-Book. Reminiscences of Seventeen Years in the Service, Abroad and at Home.* By an Officer of the Line. Post 8vo. 2 vols. London, 1827. Colburn.

THE Naval Sketch-Book may be esteemed the father of the present attempt to make a similar

display of military manners, and treat the public with pictures of the army. There are a number of papers descriptive of scenes which occurred during the peninsular war, in Ireland, and elsewhere; and also sketches of officers joining, messing, &c. and of soldiers on guard, and in other circumstances. Some of these are amusing and interesting enough for the light reading so popular in our day; but it must be confessed that the army produces less of originality of character than the navy. Jack is an exceedingly strange and grotesque animal,—whereas a hussar is an exquisite, a dragoon a gentleman, and a full private in the line a man of the common world. There are, nevertheless, certain peculiarities in all professions; and the author has tried, with some skill and success, to develop those which appertain to the hussars.

A young ensign, reading his name in the Gazette, (the Government, not the *Literary Gazette*,) is the picture of a coxcomb, going into a course of life not very likely to effect a speedy cure of that dis-temper; and, accordingly, we discover in many after groups that these wearers of swords entertain in general no very lowly opinions of their own merits, graces, and perfections. Of the ensign, we read that he joined his regiment at Brighton, and he says:

"The next day I may consider to have been my first appearance in public as a properly authenticated officer in the army. I stood upon the parade fully equipped, and with my regiment. During all the time, I might as well have been in the pillory,—nothing relieved me but pulling on and off my gloves, fixing my cravat, and playing with my sword-knot. I formed one of those whom the admiring crowd gazed at. I was saluted every where by passing soldiers, and I gratified my vanity in this point, by repeatedly walking past the sentries on duty at the palace, to hear them slap the butt-ends of their muskets, as they 'carried arms' to compliment me. I was gazed at on the Steyne by the most captivating eyes,—I was smiled at in the library by the most fascinating faces,—lovely lights gleamed on me from balconies, barouches, and donkeys' backs,—pelisses flounced, and feathers waved for me: I was somebody, I was everybody,—there was nobody in the world but me—myself! at least I saw no one else worth a moment's consideration, except as far as their admiration of me was concerned. I never ate so many ices and jellies in my life; not for the love my appetite bore to such confections, but the lounge—the graceful halo which the discussion of an ice throws round the military figure in a pastry-cook's shop is every thing: it was delightful!"

And the following is part of a mess-table colloquy:

"Col. Diamond. Tell the band-master to stop that, and to play 'Lady Fanny's Hussar piece.' [*Exit Waiter in a trot.*]—All the Mess. Bravo! Colonel, a good move.—Col. Diamond. Von Weber's music is very well, and the King patronises it; but, 'pon my honour, Lady Fanny's Hussar is more elegant. [*Band play a noise, in which several screams of the clarinet and groans of the trombone are prominent, during which the Mess beat time or rather move their heads and fingers, occasionally commenting on the piece. At length the instruments cease to play, after a violent struggle of the bassoons.*]—Col. Diamond. Isn't it very good?—All. Excellent! Superb!—Cornet Small. Don't his Majesty like that piece, Colonel?—Col. Diamond. No: 'pon my honour.—Major Flowers. You see, Colonel, his Majesty requires a little improvement; he is certainly a very good musi-

cian, and prefers the Rossinis and Von Webers; but really, I think Lady Fanny's piece ought to please him. It has a delightful mixture of movement.—*Col. Diamond.* Lady Fanny's is fine; and certainly, her ladyship has got a good major-key in you.—*All the Mess.* Bravo!—*Hit again!*—*Bravo!*—*Bravo!*—*Dr. Scott.* (taking snuff) Ecce I dinna like the thing at a'; it's sic a mixture, that I canna mak heed or tail o't.—*Cornet Small.* 'Pon my honour, doctor, you are a perfect Goth in taste.—*Lieut. Rose.* A Vandal, sir.—*Capt. Ploomer.* Nothing but a Hun.—*Dr. Scott.* Weel, if I am a Goth, Hun, or Vandal, you ha' placed me in gude company; for you say his Majesty doesna like the piece. Noo I would ask what partic'lar merit Lady Fanny shows?—*Col. Diamond.* Merit, sir!—the fact is, Lady Fanny is the best-dress'd woman in town.—*All the Mess.* Decidedly!—*Major Flowers.* Her ladyship's taste is undisputed: the Austrian knot on the fore part of our full dress pantaloons is from her design.—*Col. Diamond.* She discovered an error in the Astrachan fur collar of our pelisse,—suggested an improvement in the side-seams, welts, and hips: besides, her Russian patterns of neck lines, sliders, and olivets, are lasting monuments of her refinement. Indeed she is a very superior sort of woman, and I'll give you her health in a bumper. [Lady Fanny is drunk standing.]—*Dr. Scott.* But what music has she composed, Colonel?—*Col. Diamond.* Some excellent things, indeed: there's her song, 'Come, Charles, to-night,' which she dedicated to me; and there's her bravura on the burning of Moscow; and her grand hussar piece, which she has dedicated to us. In short, she is a woman of fine parts.—*All the Mess.* Oh, delightful!—*Dr. Scott.* Wud you sing aue o' her songs, Colonel?—*Col. Diamond.* Doctor, you ought to know that the *Nonpareils* never sing.—*Dr. Scott.* Vara weel—ha' it your ain way.—*Capt. Bright.* By the by, Lady Mary, her sister, gives a ball to-night.—*Don't we go, Colonel?*—*Col. Diamond.* I should like it, because the Lancers are to be there. We must cut them out.—*Major Flowers.* Oh, certainly! Decidedly!—*Capt. Golding.* The Lancers look very well: they have got a fair dress; but still they are mere light-dragoons. They are too new, and have not yet acquired the polish of the Hussars.—*All the Mess.* Certainly not!—mere light-dragoons!—*Col. Diamond.* Besides, they have lately lost ground.—It has gone abroad upon them. They can never hope to succeed.—*Several of the Mess.* How, pray Colonel? What has happened?—*Col. Diamond.* They absolutely dance.—*Major Flowers.* They have heard the rumour.—*Capt. Tache.* Indeed!—*Lieut. Lavender.* Shocking!—*Cornet Small.* Horrible!—*Col. Diamond.* They dine so early as six, too.—*All the Mess.* Oh! Oh! that will never do.—*Major Flowers.* Besides, their scarlet trowsers are not wide enough; and I have seen positively a grey hair on one of their whiskers. In short, we must go to Lady Mary's ball, to cut them out at once.—*All the Mess.* Certainly, at once!—*Col. (to his servant.)* John! I'll dress at twelve; and, d' y' hear, I'll wear my long ball spurs."

We suppose the "Officer of the Line" may have credit for accuracy in this delineation of his comrades; but he certainly makes them cut a rather contemptible figure; and our acquaintance with gentlemen in the army has shewn us characters of a very different cast.

The following anecdotes, entitled "Old Charley," will be perused with sympathy.

"The subject of this sketch is Colonel Donellan, of the 48th, who was killed at Tal-

vera; and 'Old Charley' was the cognomen of friendly distinction which the men of his regiment gave their gallant commander. A few traits in his military character will be found not unworthy of imitation by all young colonels; nay, even some of our old ones would not be wrong in copying a few of his good qualities. Old Charley was the last of the powderers; that is to say, the only one in the regiment who, in despite of new customs and new taxes, clung to the good old cauliflower-head of the army, and would no more have gone to parade without pomatum and powder than without his sword and sash. He had been accustomed to the practice of military hair-dressing from his early youth, and it formed as much a part of the officer, in his estimation, as the epaulette or the gorget. \* \*

"This worthy officer had formed the greatest friendship with the jack-boot of the army, together with its close associate—the white buckskin breeches; and when the gray overalls and short Wellingtons were ordered to displace them, he indignantly refused to obey—as far as regarded his own proper person: such innovations he could not bear; and, as a proof of his opposition upon this point, he stuck to his jacks and buckskins to the day of his death. They, as well as his favourite powder and pomatum, were along with him at Talavera, when the shot struck him which deprived the service of an excellent, though somewhat whimsical officer. . . . The colonel had been removed from the second battalion to the first, and for a considerable time had not seen his favourite men. Previous to the battle of Talavera, Lord Wellington reviewed his whole army on the plain, in order to shew his ally, the Spanish General Cuesta, a specimen of the British forces in all the pride of their excellence. As the generals rode along the line, which was of immense extent, each soldier stood fixed in his place; each battalion silent and motionless; scarcely the eyelids of the soldiers twinkled, as the cavalcade of the chiefs and their staff rode by. All on a sudden, a bustle and murmur took place in one regiment; its line lost its even appearance; and caps, and heads, and hands, and tongues moved, to the utter dismay of the officer who was in command of it. In vain did he endeavour to check this unseemly conduct in his men, and Lord Wellington was himself astonished and exasperated at the circumstance. The fact is, the irregular regiment was the second battalion of the 48th:—Colonel Donellan happened to be riding along with the staff, in his stiff buckskins, powdered hair, and square-set cocked hat—his men, from whom he had been separated, perceived their beloved commanding-officer, and every one murmured to his comrade—'There goes old Charley!'—'God bless the old boy!'—'Success to him!'—'Does not he look well?'—and so on; bustling and smiling, evidently from an impulse they could not resist. When this was known to the commander-in-chief he was perfectly satisfied; and all were delighted as old Charley uncovered, and shook the powder from his cocked hat in waving a cordial salute to his worthy soldiers. In a very short time after this circumstance the battle of Talavera took place, and then the colonel shewed that he knew the use of steel and ball as well as of powder. He was engaged at the head of his regiment, in the thickest of the fight: for several hours he had stood the fire of the enemy, and drove them from their ground frequently, during which time he had two horses shot under him. The presence of the fine old soldier, like Charles the

XII. in scarlet, animated his men, and they fought with the energy of true courage. His voice, as he gave the word of command along the line of his battalion, was like a match to the gun—'Steady, officers! cool, my men—Ready, p'sent, fire—that's the way, my lads.' Thus old Charley, at a word, sent showers of well-directed balls into the blue ranks before him; and in the heat of a well-returned fire, was as cool as on the parade, and as firmly caparisoned. He perceived a few of his men fall from a discharge of musketry at such a distance as made him doubtful of being within range—'Curse the fellows,' said he, 'those damn'd long guns of theirs can shoot at two miles off!' and immediately advanced his battalion to such a proximity of the foe, that he soon made them shift their ground. Very shortly after this, a dreadful charge upon the French was made by the guards; but in their pursuit they went rather far, and a reinforcement of the enemy came upon them. Colonel Donellan instantly advanced to the support of the threatened regiment at double quick time; but in this glorious moment the gallant leader received a ball in his knee: he beckoned the officer next in command, Major Middlemore, and, although suffering the most excruciating torture from the wound, took off his hat, and resigned the command just as if he had been on the parade of a barrack-yard. His enraged men went on like lions, taking ample revenge upon their enemies—and that too with the cold iron. The colonel, with his knee broken in a most dangerous manner, was, without loss of time, carried to the rear by four of his musicians, and placed on a straw bed in the town of Talavera: had there been surgeons to have amputated his limb on the instant, it is supposed he would have survived; but this not having been the case, mortification took place, and he died on the fourth day after the battle, surrounded by thousands of dying and dead. Owing to Cuesta's illiberal opposition to Lord Wellington, he, as well as the rest of the wounded, were left in the hands of the French; as were also several English surgeons, who remained at the mercy of the enemy. The colonel, however, was treated with the greatest respect and kindness by the French officers. Some of them remembered seeing him at the head of his battalion, and warmly praised the veteran's gallantry. His soldier-like appearance, too, commanded their regard, and they carried him in a cloak to the spot on which he had led his regiment so bravely, and there they buried 'Old Charley' with the true honours of a soldier."

In another paper there is a remarkable story of animal sagacity. When the 5th dragon guards charged the French on the plain at Salamanca, it is stated, "one of the men was thrown off his horse: the animal dashed into the enemy's lines, and after the regiment to which he belonged had retired from the charge, he was seen scampering about amongst the French infantry, kicking and frolicking. The 5th was ordered to renew the charge, which they did; and as they were approaching the enemy, the horse in question galloped over to them, regularly fell into the ranks, as if a dragoon had been upon his back: he continued in rank during the operation of the charge, and returned in line with his troop, to the astonishment of his rider, and the admiration of all who saw him."

There is some verification in these volumes, but we cannot bestow much praise upon it. One verse of a song may suffice to show why.



"Great guns have shot and shell, boys,  
Dragons have sabres bright,  
Th' artillery's fire 's like hell, boys,  
And the horse like devils fight;  
But neither light nor heavy horse,  
Nor thundering cannoniers,  
Can win the title of the footman's prize,  
Like the British bayoneters."

We need hardly particularise where the following battle anecdotes occur, as they stand very well by themselves to fit any engagement. A soldier says, "There was nothing done for half an hour but banging away with the musketry and a few of the French guns; but while this was going on, our men were getting up the hill, and forming in our rear as fast as possible. Men were dropping, both French and English, quick enough, I assure you; and we were longing for another charge, to put an end to the peppering. This we were soon indulged with. 'Steady, my lads,' was the cry from the officers; 'another taste of the bayonet.' The French formed a strong first line, and their battalions in the rear were forming into a second. 'Now men,' says a general who rode behind our first line, 'keep steady, and do your duty.' 'Charge!' was the word:—in a moment we were not forty yards from the enemy. 'Hurrah!'—Oh such a shout as we gave! But it was answered by the French every bit as loud; and they did not flinch. At them we went, like devils again; and down they went like twigs. They found it was no use trying it—they were knocked about; and although they did as much as men could do, they were obliged to start about (those that were not down) and make the best of their way off. We halted and loaded, as steady as rocks—most of our gun-barrels were streaming with blood, which wetted the powder as it went in. I'm sure that was my case; for when we gave them a volley, I know my musket did not go off, so I threw it away, and took up another from one of our poor fellows, who lay on his face behind us, with his head knocked all to pieces. I'm certain it was Jem Ellis, by a ring on his finger; but you didn't know Jem, poor fellow! that ring was given to him by a sweet little girl the day we embarked, and he intended to marry her if God spared his life."

"In going through the hospital, I saw in one room not less than thirty Hussars—of the 10th and 16th, I think—all wounded by lances; and one of them had nineteen wounds in his body: the surgeon had already amputated his left arm. One of the men described the way in which so many of their brigade became wounded. He said, that in charging the rear of the enemy as they were retreating, the horses had to leap up a bank, nearly breast high, to make good the level above. At this moment, a body of Polish Lancers, headed by a general, dashed in upon them, the general crying out, in broken English, 'Come on! I care not for your fine Hussar brigade.' They fought for a considerable time, and although ultimately the Lancers retired and left the ground to the Hussars, yet the latter lost many killed and wounded. 'That man,' said the Hussar, 'who lies there with the loss of his arm and so dreadfully wounded, fought a dozen Lancers, all at him at once, and settled some of them; at last he fell, and the Lancers were about to kill him, when the general cried out take him to the rear, for he was a brave fellow. The skirmish continued, and the general cut that man there across the nose, in fighting singly with him—but he killed the general after all.' I turned and saw a young Hussar, with a gash across his nose, and he confirmed what his comrade said. The man, who had the nineteen wounds, I have

since heard, recovered: he seemed much to regret the fate of the general who saved his life. I saw this brave officer's body buried the next day in the principal church in Vittoria."

There is a remarkable account of some Bush-ranger in New Holland, a counterpart to Obi, or Three-Fingered Jack. It is a desperate affair, and might do for a melo-drama at any of the minor theatres. We can only refer to it, and leave it and these volumes to the taste of the public.

**The French Cook.** By Louis Eustache Ude, cl-devant Cook to Louis XVI. and the Earl of Sefton, and Steward to His late Royal Highness the Duke of York. 8th Edition, greatly enlarged. Post 8vo. pp. 496. W. H. Ainsworth.

THERE are cookery-books for all ranks: this is for the Corinthian order. Mons. Ude is, beyond all competition, the most learned of cooks, even of French cooks; and, with a natural pride in the perfection of his science, he aspires to the rank of "an artist,"—a distinction to which he proves, by a train of philosophical argument, that he is fully entitled. "It is the intention of this work," says our accomplished *chef de cuisine*, "to convey, by rules deduced from a combination of theoretical science and practical experience, a knowledge of the art of French Cookery; a science which claims the name as distinguished from the system of other nations!" To say that it stands apart from these in elegance, delicacy, and refinement; in uniting with taste and judgment, &c. is to assert, &c. &c." Our author rounds his periods with the same conscious and off-hand air of superiority as he would manifest in the elaboration of an *entrée*, or the concoction of an *entremet*; and the sentence which we have left incomplete is a capital specimen of his style. We have, however, abstained from giving it entire, because our present business is more with his cookery than with his literature. M. Ude writes not for the vulgar: his studies have been prosecuted in a spirit of the utmost enthusiasm and self-devotion; and it is a fact that the following well-known passage from Horace is inscribed upon all his stoves:—

Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo!

In giving his advice to his brother *artistes*, our author says:

"Cookery is an art which requires much time, intellect, and activity, to be acquired in its perfection. Every man is not born with the qualifications necessary to constitute a good cook." [*Cogvus nascitur, non fit.*] "The difficulty of attaining to perfection in the art, will be best demonstrated by offering a few observations on some others. Music, dancing, fencing, painting, and mechanics in general, possess professors under twenty years of age; whereas, in the first line of cooking, *pre-eminence never occurs under thirty*. If all cooks were provided with the necessary qualities, they would certainly be considered as *artists*. What science demands more study than cookery?"

This is the proper feeling with which every man, who is ambitious of distinction in it, should regard his profession; and the labours of Monsieur Ude have met with their due reward. He has been the *premier artiste* of his Catholic Majesty Louis XVI.; after which honour.

\* Nevertheless, cayenne is little used in French cookery, though we are sure the addition of it would improve many of their dishes, and facilitate the digestion of them. It was, till lately, impossible to diffuse the flavour of cayenne through sauces and soups; but by means of Waugh's cayenne pepper in crystals—an ingenious invention—the grateful heat of the pepper is as equally distributed through a dish as the taste of salt can be.

able service, he was promoted to the employ of Lord Sefton, whose table he elevated to the most enviable renown. Ude was finally honoured by an appointment in the household of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York, of whose kindness and condescension he speaks with unaffected gratitude. Our artist is now a *gentilhomme* living on his fortune, and may be seen any day, between three and four o'clock, in Bond Street, enjoying the *otium cum dignitate*. His carriage is painted of a pale pink hue, and the livery of his servants is white with salmon-colour facings.

"So should desert fit art be crowned."

The only thing in M. Ude's book that we feel inclined to object to, is the tone of asperity with which he speaks of some professors in another branch of science—we mean the physicians: in other respects, he seems to be a good-tempered man. His dishes are the very consummation of high gastronomy; witness the princely names of a few of his inventions:—*"Chickens à la Villeroi—à la Montmorency—à la Condé."*

M. Ude tells us elsewhere, that "sauces are the soul of cookery, and that cookery is the soul of festivity, at all times, and to all ages;" and it necessarily follows, M. Ude being the soul of cooks, is, *ex officio*, the most important personage in the world. He modestly adds, that though he has himself invented several dishes, he has been shy of giving them his name, from a fear of being accused of vanity! No wonder he dilates upon the grateful theme,—

"Qu'un cuisinier est un mortel divin;"

and exclaims, "Why should we not be proud of our knowledge in cookery? How many marriages have been the consequence of meeting at dinner? How much good fortune has been the result of a good supper? At what moment of our existence are we happier than at table? There hatred and animosity are lulled to sleep, and pleasure alone reigns. It is at table that an amiable lady or gentleman shines in sallies of wit, where they display the ease and graceful manners with which they perform the honours of the table. Here the cook, by his skill and attention, anticipates their wishes, in the happiest selection of the best dishes and decorations; here their wants are satisfied, their minds and bodies invigorated, and themselves qualified for the high delights of love, music, poetry, dancing, and other pleasures. And is he whose talents have produced these happy effects, to rank no higher in the scale of man than a common servant? Yes, if you adopt and attend to the rules that I have laid down, the self-love of mankind will consent at last, that cookery shall rank in the class of the sciences, and its professors deserve the name of artists."

Ay, and higher too! What are Ateliers to Attelets; La Belle Jardinière to Carbo-nades à la Jardiniers; Bourguignonne to Bourguignotte; Petiot to Petitoes; Paul Potter to Potted Pulletts, or Paul Brill to Brill Fillets; Spagnoleto to Grand Espagnole; Ruys-dael to Rissoles; Claude Gelée to Jélée; Van Salm to Salmi; Cornelius Ketel to a Kettle of Fish?

Indeed our artist pretends not to what is called "Domestic Cookery;" he aspires to nothing less than a patrician style; and it is to him, he asserts, that the *haute noblesse* owe all their double relishes, and the complex and indescribable delicacies of which their banquets occasionally boast. For the attainment of these exquisite mysteries, nothing can be clearer than the instructions given in the work now before

us; though we ought to add, that M. Ude occasionally declines from his altitude, and condescends to be didactic upon the humble subjects of a roasted sirloin and a boiled leg of mutton. Some of the new receipts, now for the first time embodied in the volume, have, we are told, been frequently sold in manuscript at ten guineas a copy!

The author's own front adorns the front of the book; but we are sorry to see so eminent a man served up in stone ware, instead of being on a fine plate in the line manner. According, however, to one of his own cooking maxims (from which we decidedly dissent), "Every thing is equally good when done in perfection;" so that his head lithographed in perfection by Hulmandel, is as good as his head cut in perfection by Branstor, or scraped in perfection by Turner, or graved in perfection by Finden.

*Travels through the Interior Provinces of Columbia.* By Col. J. P. Hamilton, late Chief Commissioner from His Britannic Majesty to the Republic of Columbia. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1827. J. Murray.

ONE of the consequences of that masterly policy which has knit the new-born states of South America to the commercial interests of Great Britain, was the despatch of certain commissioners to Bogota and elsewhere, whose object it was to effect necessary arrangements between the countries, observe the *status quo* of our recent allies, and consolidate the mutual good understanding so essential to the advantage of both. Col. Hamilton having thus been led to traverse the interior of Columbia (proceeding up the Magdalena to Bogota, thence crossing the Andes to Popayan, and regaining Bogota by another route), has thought it worth while to dedicate these two small volumes to an account of his travels. In them there is a great deal of information of one kind and another, but very little method. His journal resembles a Spanish olla; there is a copious mixture of palatable materials, but it is not easy to separate any distinct article from the rest; and the want of classification and specification renders analysis impracticable. He eagerly collects natural history; but his descriptions of the objects are so loose and unscientific, that we can seldom make out what they are, and are the more provoked by this, as many of them seem to be extremely rare and curious. Respecting the habits of his own old pointer Don, and of his young Secretary Illingsworth, he is, on the contrary, much more definite, and we can perceive that both were exceedingly stanch, though in different ways.—Don pointing the partridges, and the Secretary setting the pretty nuns, signoras, and pulperas (shop-girls), who crossed his field of action. Indeed, on one or two occasions, the worthy commissioner himself appears to have had an eye to both sports; by no means averse, we guess, to improve the relations, and increase and multiply the ties of amity between Columbia and England. As this, however, is not a business which calls for critical scrutiny, we should consider it to be poaching, and not fair game, to trespass upon it any further. We shall rather go through the volumes, to glean from them, as well as we can, the most readily detached and novel portions of their contents. For it must be remembered that Humboldt and other travellers have already carried us over much of the same ground; and it is only by attending to the different aspects in which the same things present themselves to different

persons under different circumstances, that we can produce a review of any interest on this occasion.

In the Magdalena, "the jacuars and caymans are mortal enemies, and the former wage perpetual war against the latter. Whenever the tiger surprises the alligator asleep on the hot sand-bank, he attacks him under the tail, which is soft and fat, and the most vulnerable part; and such is his alarm, he will hardly move or make resistance: but if the alligator gets his enemy into the water, his more peculiar element, then the tables are turned, and the tiger is generally drowned and devoured: being aware of this inferiority, when he has to cross a river he sets up a tremendous howl on its bank previously to entering the water, with the hope of scaring the alligator to a distance."

In one place the author was told "that an alligator had, a short time since, carried off a woman who was washing on the bank of the river. Her husband caught the cayman with a long hook, baited with a piece of raw flesh, the next day, and found part of the body of his wife in the inside. Six dogs were also devoured by this monster." At another place he saw one eighteen feet long; a monarch, and a very tyrannical one, of the river, devouring all that came in his way. Many other animals, of which we should have liked much to hear more, are mentioned through all the journeys: the following are a few of these incidental touches:—

"One of my servants bought at an Indian cottage, for two reals, a little animal called leoncita (or the little lion): it is exactly the shape of a lion in miniature, with a shaggy mane, and a brush at the end of its tail; it was rather larger than a squirrel, and of a gray colour, had fine black eyes, and hair like silk. This pretty little animal was very tame: I carried it to Bogota, where the cold killed it."

"There was also in the forest small fallow deer; the buck has two small sharp horns without any branches, pointing outwards from their base. His excellency the vice-president, knowing my partiality to animals, had the kindness to send me a tame stag. He was a noble animal, and so tame that he would feed out of any person's hand. I was obliged at last to part with him. He had a trick of going up stairs and walking deliberately into the drawing-room, and admiring himself in a large mirror; and on these occasions my servants found it difficult to make him leave the room without injuring the furniture. He was particularly fond of barley."

On the banks of the river Meta grows a root called barbasco, "a decoction of which, mixed in the waters of the river, enables the Indians to take great quantities of fish, which become intoxicated, and float on the surface of the river." "The barbasco root has no effect upon the alligators or turtles. In the Meta is a very extraordinary little fish, called the caribbee; it is about six or seven inches in length, and so fierce and ravenous that it will immediately attack a person bathing, and where they are numerous, it is a service of danger going into the water. This fish is much esteemed by the Indians as food."

There is not, however, so much worth our attention till the author leaves Bogota for Popayan, and crosses the immense chain of the Andes. Here his notes become more interesting, as the parts, their produce, and people, are less known. We continue our selections respecting animals and other branches of natural history.

"The leoncita is, I believe, of the monkey species."

At Tocayman, the author tells us, the commandant "stated that the skeleton of a very large animal had been discovered there, and on his shewing me some of the bones the next day, I perceived they were those of the antediluvian animal called the mammoth: the colonel gave me part of one of the thigh-bones, which he kept for me until my return to Tocayman; I afterwards brought it to England."

"In our house in Neyva we were much annoyed by scorpions. We found a large one in the inside of a mule's saddle, which had nearly stung one of our servants. The doctor brought me this morning a timana (wooden bowl), which was particularly handsome, twelve skins of tiger and water-cats, which latter are nearly the size of a rabbit; their skins are beautifully white, with brown stripes, and as soft as satin."

In the river Chicki, in La Purification, the author was informed of a delicious fish called ringa, and not found in any other stream in Columbia. He was further told, that "small pearls, not of a good colour, were found in the shell of a small tortoise in the same river." The curé of Campo Alegre stated that the "source of the Magdalena was in the Paramo of Las Papas, eight days' journey from the small town of Timana." He also said that "the situation of his village was quite charming, on account of which it derived its name of Campo Alegre; there was a fine clear stream winding round it, well stocked with fish, but he complained much of the idleness of his parishioners, who, when successful in fishing, would remain, for two or three days together, lounging in their hamacs, swinging from one side of the room to the other, and that nothing but hunger could rouse them from this apathy and inactivity. The jacuars (or tigers) he said were very destructive among the cattle in the part of the country where he lived, frequently coming down in the night, and carrying off the mules and horned cattle. A male and female tiger, the former very large, had been taken in his parish, in a sort of trap, about three weeks before, after having done great mischief. The trap for the jacuars is made as follows: a small plot of ground, in a retired situation, is enclosed in a circular form with strong stakes, sometimes three deep, and of considerable height, to prevent the tigers breaking through, leaving a doorway for the tiger to enter; above this aperture is suspended a large plank of wood, which, by communicating with one on the ground, falls down, and closes the entrance as soon as the tiger trends on it. A live pig or sheep is fastened in the centre of the enclosure as a bait, and the villagers take it by turns to watch in a tree at night near the spot, who give the alarm when their enemy is caught; they then despatch him with fire-arms and lances. A trap was at this time set for a large male tiger, which in the last two months had killed fifty head of cattle; but the beast was remarkably wary, and had avoided the snare laid for his destruction. Sometimes the farmers and peasants, armed with lances, and accompanied by their dogs, meet together to destroy the jacuars. As soon as he is brought to bay by the dogs, he places himself on his haunches to make fight, and when he strikes a dog with his paw, the poor animal is generally killed. The lance-men move forward, and take up their positions in front of the tiger, their lances placed so as to receive him when he makes a spring, keeping their eyes steadfastly fixed on his; and when they perceive he is much exhausted from fighting with the dogs, they irritate him, in



order to induce him to spring on them, which he does in a semicircular line, like a cat, roaring tremendously at the same time: the lancer keeps his body bent, and grasping his lance with both hands, one end rested on the ground, by his dexterity and quickness generally contrives to receive the tiger on the point of his lance; then the other hunters rush in, and soon despatch him with their lances. Should the hunter unfortunately fall in receiving the tiger on his lance, his situation is desperate, and in all probability he falls a victim to the enraged beast before he can be assisted. This rarely occurs; but in such a case his only resource is in his manchette (or long knife), with which he endeavours to stab the tiger in the belly. Colonel Barrio Nuevo, of the Artillery, related to me an anecdote of a tiger-hunter, who lives on his estate on the banks of the Magdalena, not far from Mariquita, who, when the tiger made the spring, only wounded him slightly with the lance, and the animal closed on him, having knocked him down with his paw: the man then drew his long knife, and a desperate struggle took place between them, during which the hunter gave him so many stabs in the belly, that he at last fell down dead by his side. The man had received several bad wounds from the teeth and claws of the tiger, but had recovered, and was still fond of tiger-hunting. A medical gentleman at Popayan told me he had been sent for to examine a severe wound on the side of the head of a man, occasioned by a tiger giving him a box on the ear with his paw, while lying on the ground asleep. Half the left ear had been carried away. The mulatto to whom this occurred, finding himself thus attacked, jumped up, and roared lustily to his comrades for assistance, when the tiger, alarmed, made his escape into the bushes. This proves that the spotted American tiger will attack persons unprovoked, although they are not so bold or ferocious as the Bengal striped tiger."

Some of the snakes are not less dangerous—as the subjoined extracts will shew.

"On returning home through a large chocolate plantation, the slave pointed out to us a snake coiled up, and apparently asleep. I told the doctor, I should like to have a shot at him, which I did with my left barrel, in which I had swan-shot, and only wounded him in the tail. The moment I fired, he sprang up, and looked round and espied us; on which he came directly towards us, sweeping along, his head erect, and about three feet from the ground. We all now began to be alarmed; and the doctor ordered us to retire a few yards behind a large tree, while he advanced to give him the contents of two more barrels, which movement was immediately executed; and when the snake was distant about ten yards, the doctor and myself fired, and cut him nearly in two, each barrel being loaded with seven or eight small slugs. We then shouted victory, and Mr. Cade, and the rest of our party who had retreated, being unarmed, came up to us. We examined our fallen enemy, and it proved to be a snake called the aques, from having a black cross, like an X, all along its back. This snake is considered by the Creoles one of the boldest and most venomous in South America. He measured about six feet and a half in length, and was as thick as my wrist. Had I been aware that this had been so bold and venomous a snake, I certainly should not have disturbed his siesta. The doctor stated that several persons in the province had lost their lives from the bite of the aques; and that he had seen them considerably larger."

"In a conversation I had with Colonel Mosquera respecting the province of Buenaventura, of which he was governor, he said, that there were a great many venomous snakes in the woods and savannahs, and one particularly bold and dreaded by the inhabitants, called the guascaina, which frequently attains the length of nine or ten feet, and nine inches in diameter. The guascaina has the power of raising itself upright by the aid of two fangs which he has below the head, and in this position he waits for his prey near the roads and paths, darting with great velocity on any thing that passes. A negro who was just married, and had been dancing the whole night at his wedding, went early in the morning a short distance into the wood, when suddenly the people in the house were alarmed by hearing him shriek dreadfully. On going to the spot, they found a large guascaina snake had seized him by the neck. They attacked the guascaina with their manchettes, and killed him; but the poor negro died of the wounds inflicted by this venomous creature. Another negro of that province had displayed considerable strength and courage when attacked by one of these snakes. He seized him round the neck with both his hands, and prevented the monster biting him, roaring loudly for assistance to some of his companions, who were at no great distance cutting wood. Some of them ran with their long knives, and soon ended the contest; and the negro, by his wonderful presence of mind, escaped being bitten. These anecdotes were related to me by Colonel Mosquera, who added, that in travelling over the mountains from the port of Buenaventura to Cali, by a road that is seldom traversed owing to its dangerous passes, they killed twenty snakes of different species and sizes, and two or three of the black hunting snake, two of the aques, and three of the coral, or orange and black spotted snake. The large spotted panther is found in the province of Buenaventura. Colonel Mosquera begged my acceptance of a blow-pipe, with several small poisoned arrows, not more than eight inches in length, which had been given him by an Indian chief in the province of Buenaventura. The arrows are poisoned with a moisture which exudes from the back of a small green frog found in the provinces of Buenaventura and Choco. When the Indians want to get this poison from the frog, they put him near a small fire, and the moisture soon appears on his back, in which they dip the points of the small arrows, and so subtle is this poison, that a jaguar or panther whose blood is touched by one of these poisoned arrows, soon becomes convulsed and dies. But in hunting the tiger, panther, bear, wild boar, &c. the Indians make use of larger arrows with the blow-pipe, and also carry with them the bow and arrow and long spears. The arrows are always poisoned; a little cotton is put neatly round the lower end of the arrow in lieu of feathers, to make it go steadily through the air, and about an inch of the point is spiral. Colonel Mosquera told me that the Indians had only a faint idea of religion, but still their minds were impressed with the belief that a good deity resided in the heavens, and a bad one below the earth."

"Dr. Rodriguez shewed me the skin of a large snake, which had pursued a negro-boy in the province of Choco for a considerable time; and the boy, finding the snake gaining on him, leaped into the river, and dived under water. A negro who was at work near the spot, heard the boy's cries, and ran to the river, when he saw the snake raising himself

up in the bushes, looking about for the young negro; he instantly attacked him with his long knife, and killed him. This snake was of the boa constrictor kind. There is a snake in the valley of Cauca, which early in the morning cackles like a hen."

"Soon after this, as we were going to cross a stream, we observed a large snake swimming towards us, and when he arrived near the bank he stopped, apparently to watch our motions, with his head and part of his body out of water: I then observed the black cross on his neck, and knew it was the snake called the aques. A negro who was passing on foot at this time, agreed for a dollar to endeavour to kill the reptile. For this purpose he went a short distance in the rear, and cut a large long bamboo with his manchette, and advanced to the attack of the snake, who had remained quiet in his position, with his eyes fixed on us. As the negro approached the aques, he put out his forked tongue, and raised himself higher in the water, as if preparing to make a dart at his enemy, which the black observing, retired a few paces, and then told me he was afraid to attack it, as it was prepared to spring on him. In this position the negro and snake remained for two or three minutes, watching each other, when suddenly the aques turned round to swim to the other side of the river. The moment the negro observed its head turned from him, he rushed to the bank, and gave the aques two or three tremendous blows with the bamboo, which made him turn on his back, and the negro followed up his attack, and succeeded in killing his enemy. This aques measured six feet in length. The black brought it to me on his bamboo, and appeared much elated at his victory, and not less so when he received his reward."

More next week.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE meeting on Wednesday the 11th inst. was more numerously attended than the preceding meetings, and the lecture-room was crowded at three o'clock. Among the audience we noticed several ladies, some of them of distinguished rank. The subject of Mr. Vigors's third ornithological lecture was, the affinities that connect the groups of birds which compose the order of *insectivores*, or *perchers*. This order, which forms the typical group in birds, appears to branch out into five prominent subdivisions or tribes, which exhibit a regular series of affinity returning into itself. They may be briefly enumerated as follows: 1. the *fissirostres*, or birds with wide gapes, such as the swallows, goatsuckers, &c. feeding on the wing: 2. the *dentirostres*, or birds with notched bills, as the shrikes, thrushes, &c., more perfect in their general organisation than the preceding: 3. the *comirostres*, or birds with entire bills, including the staves, crows, &c., the most perfect of all in both internal and external structure, and in their general intelligence: 4. the *scansores*, or climbing birds, such as the parrots, woodpeckers, &c., distinguished by their toes being disposed in pairs, and their consequent habits of climbing, and deviating from the typical tribe, by the deficient structure of the foot, and by the tongue gradually superseding the use of the bill: 5. the *temirostres*, or slender-billed birds, such as the sun-birds, humming-birds, &c., feeding by the tongue on vegetable juices, and always on the wing. All these tribes, although thus distinguished by their typical characters, were shewn to be so closely connected together at

their extreme and aberrant groups, as scarcely to admit a line of separation between them. We regret that our limits will not permit us to enter into the details of these affinities, all of which were most striking, and bore conclusive evidence of the harmonious system that regulates this department of nature. Mr. Vigors illustrated this succession of affinities by a diagram, which represented one great circle, composed of five subordinate circles touching each other; the groups which formed the immediate passage between each division being placed at the point of contact. He made some observations on the advantages of this mode of illustrating nature, pointing out how far this circular arrangement exhibited the approaching as well as the immediate affinities of groups; and how far the quinary disposition of them was useful in demonstrating their analogies. He took occasion to notice briefly, and to answer some objections which had been started against these principles of arrangement, which he stated to be the chief characteristics of the modern school of zoology in Great Britain; and he signified his intention of entering more fully into the subject on a future opportunity.

The collection at Bruton-street has lately received a valuable acquisition in the body of a fine ostrich, which died in the royal menagerie at Windsor, and which his Majesty was most graciously pleased to present to the Society. In order to evince their grateful sense of this favour, the Society has determined on rendering the donation as available as possible to the purposes of science. The skin has been preserved and set up, and forms a beautiful specimen; and anatomical preparations have been made of the more interesting internal parts. The body was dissected at the rooms of the Society, under the superintendence of Mr. Brookes and other distinguished anatomists, and the peculiarities of its structure exhibited to a numerous and scientific audience which was assembled on the occasion. Mr. Brookes has signified his intention of giving a lecture on the anatomy of the struthious birds, at three o'clock on Wednesday, the 25th inst., and illustrating the subject by specimens of the birds of the family, from his own collection, and by the preparations of the specimen presented by his Majesty. Great interest is excited by the announcement of this lecture.

#### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

WE learn with pleasure, that it is the intention of this practically useful and excellent Institution to give a Fête at the gardens at Chiswick, sometime in June this year, instead of the usual Anniversary Dinner. We have often been surprised that rural and various entertainments have not been occasionally substituted, in this way, for the common routine of dining. Among other recommendations, it is a powerful one, that ladies may participate in the enjoyment of such a festival; and thus add greatly to the pleasures of their male relations and friends. With fine weather, we anticipate that the proposed arrangement at Chiswick will be very delightful, and make a day to be remembered with those of happy recollections.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

CAMBRIDGE, April 13.—At the congregation on Friday last (end of term), the following degrees were conferred:—

*Honorary Master of Arts.*—The Hon. and Rev. M. J. Stapleton, Magdalene College.  
*Bachelors of Arts.*—W. W. Wynne, St. John's College; H. G. Selter, Jesus College; E. S. Whitbread, Trinity Hall; E. H. Dawson, Emmanuel College; T. Darby, Downing College.

At the same congregation William Breynton, B.A. of Magdalene College, was elected Travelling Bachelor.

OXFORD, April 14.—On Saturday last, being the last day of Lent Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

*Bachelor and Doctor of Divinity (by accumulation).*—Rev. G. Swayne, late Fellow of Wadham College, and Vicar of Hockleigh, Essex.

*Masters of Arts.*—W. C. Rowe, Michel Fellow of Queen's College; Rev. O. Leach, Scholar of Jesus College; S. R. Capel, Wadham College.

The Rev. J. W. Niblock, D.D. of St. Edmund Hall, is admitted at the University of Cambridge *ad eundem*.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### SUFFOLK STREET EXHIBITION.

No. 441. *Suspension of Payment, Country Bank.* Miss Sharples.—We have seen subjects of loftier, but seldom any of more touching pathos, than this, in which the lower and middle class of the community are the depicted sufferers; and we would have been well content to have contemplated the performance rather as an exaggerated representation of a fancied scene of misery, than as the too genuine picture of what has lately been done and endured in many parts of the country. Miss Sharples has drawn her portraits but too faithfully in the delineation of the misery and despair under which various of the individuals are labouring; and has at the same time, with equal skill, given, as a contrast, figures and groups of unsathed and indifferent, selfish, lookers on. If this picture is deficient in some of the qualities of art, it is amply enriched with character and expression, without which, art loses more than half its interest.

No. 433. *Reading the Goblin Story.* J. Knight.—The pencil has well and skillfully portrayed the effects of a tale of terror on the imaginations of its hearers, shewn in all the varieties of fear, anxiety, and expectation; and the artist has done quite enough to give interest to his story. But beyond this, he has in an eminent degree imparted to it some distinct beauties of art. There is a character of composition, an effect of chiaro scuro, and a skill in the execution of this picture, which cannot fail to exhibit the talents of Mr. Knight in a very favourable point of view.

No. 479. *A South View of the Water-Mill, Ventnor, Isle of Wight.* H. Gouldsmith.—There are not many among the most celebrated painters of the Flemish school of art, in rustic and picturesque scenery, who have displayed more skill, or shewn more judgment in taste and choice, than our fair countrywoman, in this very clever landscape.

No. 243. *The Fisherman's Return: Evening.* H. Hawkins.—There is great interest excited in subjects of this kind. The anxiety and terror arising from the perilous situation in which the artist has placed his characters are well delineated. Hope, fear, and alarm, are the pencil's creations, but there is still something left for the imagination; and the tale of domestic life is finely told. Though there is no want of technical skill in the execution of this clever piece, we think a little more finish in the rock on the foreground, and better keeping in the distance, would certainly add to its value.

No. 278. *Patriotism.* F. L. Turner.—The self-devotedness with which the noble Roman youth dashes into the fearful gulf, is well and powerfully expressed, and the utter desperation of the action excites the proper feeling of terror in the beholder; but it hardly appears

to be sufficiently kept up in the accompanying groups. There is, perhaps, a little too much of finery in the colouring—more of simplicity in this respect would, we think, have added to the effect.—*The Ligurian climbing the Rock of the Numidian Fortress*, in No. 283, by H. C. Slous, has much of that simplicity we mean, and is also a very fair example of the classic in art.

No. 444. *Study on the Thames.* G. Dawson.—The name of the artist is new to us, as well as the view, if it be one, for our recollection does not furnish us with the whereabouts. It is, however, a very able production, and shews the painter to be well skilled in what belongs to effect, as well as in his choice of the picturesque.

No. 443. *West End of Dieppe Bridge.* W. F. Allen.—The portion of the bridge thus presented, may perhaps exhibit more of the picturesque character, than if the whole had been brought into view. It has indeed a striking and singular appearance, to which the artist has added an harmonious tone of colouring, and a brilliant and free style of execution.

No. 445. *View on the Banks of the Thames.* C. Deane.—The admirers of Thames scenery, and that must include all who are capable of admiring nature, will be gratified by this local view, represented under the quiet aspect which brings to the mind the same soothing calm with which the spot itself appears to be invested.

No. 505. *Netley Abbey.* J. Glover.—The fidelity of Mr. Glover's pencil is seen to great advantage in this truly picturesque ruin; and the artist has very successfully availed himself of an effect which at once gives a character of light, life, and beauty, to his work.

No. 17. *The Shrine of Edward the Confessor, Westminster Abbey.* D. Roberts.—There may be cathedrals or minsters of more diversified architecture, with more of the picturesque in their exterior forms, or richer materials in their interior decorations; but there is not one in England which can offer to the admirers of these ancient structures more of interest than Westminster Abbey does to the inhabitants of this great metropolis. This is a charming picture of it.

#### WATER-COLOURS EXHIBITION.

THIS Exhibition opens to the public on Monday. There are about a hundred subjects more than last season; and many of them of such eminent merit, as to distinguish the present from any past year's collection, even in this peculiarly national and beautiful style of art.

*Tragedy.* Painted by R. Farrier: engraved by A. W. Warren.

THIS humorous and most amusing scene of children's play is excellently engraved. The picture will be recollected by the visitors of the British Gallery, as one extremely honourable to Mr. Farrier's talents. A boy, the hero of the Tragedy, is advancing sword in hand upon another, who is ready to drop off his seat with laughter: the action in both cannot be surpassed. A falling table adds confusion to the scene, and gives variety of expression to other characters, old and young, which are also very happily hit off. In a corner a sort of sub-plot, of a musical kind, is carrying on; and a juvenile Harley blowing a penny trumpet, is delightful. All the accessories, the grotesque armory of pot-lids and salt-boxes, &c. are in perfect keeping with the sportive groups; and when we add, that even the name of Warren receives credit from the execution of the plate, it will be felt that we have been describing a work likely to be a great popular favourite.



*The Watch; from a Drawing, &c. James Cato.*—Two children listening to the ticking of a watch: the idea is pleasing.

*Terrestrial Planisphere.* By Miss Jane Busby.

On a circular plane of pasteboard is laid down the terrestrial globe, and by means of slides and other neat inventions, all problems in geography may be solved as on the usual spherical globe. Thus a very considerable expense may be saved, and in some points the instruction may be more conveniently conveyed. The design reflects infinite credit on Miss Busby's ingenuity and skill.

*Brighton New Church (as originally designed)* by Charles Barry. London, J. Cross: Brighton, W. Scott.

THIS fine design reminds us of the good olden times of ecclesiastical architecture, and does infinite credit to the talents of Mr. Barry; whose works, generally, wherever we have seen them, have strongly impressed our minds with a sense of his taste and ability as an architect. We are not aware how much of the present structure has been actually adopted; but we are so pleased with it altogether, that if we were concerned with the building, we should be very sorry indeed to abandon any part of its handsome details. The spire is particularly beautiful and well proportioned. The plate in aquatint by R. G. Reeve is appropriately done, and not inappropriately dedicated to the Earl of Egremont.

#### MEDALS: CANNING, SCOTT.

WE recently mentioned in terms of high commendation a bronze medal of his Majesty, published by S. Parker, as the head and commencement of a series of great men who illustrate his reign. We have before us, from the same source, handsome medals of Mr. Canning and Sir Walter Scott—the most distinguished statesman and the most eminent author of the age. Both likenesses are good, though we prefer the former to the latter. The reverse is a female figure, with a scroll, inscribed, "To Great Men:" the countenance is not so well executed as it might be, and indeed there is some want of minute finish in various parts. Altogether, however, these are striking and valuable memorials of the individuals to whom the tribute of honour is paid.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### TO SPRING.

Come, lily-bosom'd Spring,  
All bathed in teeming showers,  
Thy buds and blossoms bring,  
And days with added hours;  
While roving bees  
Seek lilac trees,  
And lead the clust'ring flowers.  
Oh! dearer to my soul art thou  
Than Summer with her sunny brow,  
Or Autumn's harvest sky;  
For Summer suns bid thee away,  
And Autumn's fast declining day  
Proclaims fell Winter nigh. + +

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### A TALE OF THE SIMPLON.

NEITHER pen nor pencil can describe the wondrous depth of those valleys, nor the awe-inspiring majesty of those rocks, amid which the thunder cloud and the storm wander as pilgrims that have mistaken their way. But

there are thousands of our countrymen who have travelled over the Simplon, and to them description were useless. Such scenes, once beheld, are engraven too deeply on the memory to be effaced by aught save the great destroyer, Death.

It was ten years ago, last September, that an English traveller, whom curiosity had led from the Simplon village to explore new scenery, was sitting under the shade of a beetling mass of rock, from which the struggling rhododendron of the Alps thrust forth its tough sinewy branches, blooming in purple beauty. His companions were, an Alpine hunter—beside whom lay a beautiful chamois, which had fallen a victim that morning to the fatal precision of his rifle—and a young peasant, named Basile, from the little village of Berisael. They had walked far that day, though it was but "the grim and sultry hour of noon;" but when their light and exhilarating repast was ended, their youthful spirits suffered them not to rest idly till the clouds should have passed away which covered the distant summit of Mount Rose. The Englishman amused himself by setting stones in motion and watching their progress down the mountain side, and Basile entered warmly into the sport, exclaiming ever and anon, as he saw the stranger's emotion, that there was no country like Switzerland. The hunter, who had at first looked on with contempt, joined in the sport when he found that some small bets offered by Basile had been good-humouredly taken by the Englishman—and three more thoughtless, noisy gamblers never played at so foolish and mischievous a game. Their emulation was at length excited by vain endeavours to reach a certain point with their ponderous missiles, which all lodged calmly on a projecting table of the mountain, considerably short of the mark, though many hundred feet below them. "Here, Basile!" cried the hunter, "help me to move this stone." Basile, eager in the sport, ran to his assistance; and with their poles as levers, and by cutting away the claspings vegetation with their knives, they soon unbedded the wished-for prize, which lay on the upper side of the rock under the shadow of which they had rested. This rock was an irregular mass of granite, about twenty feet in height where it hung over toward the valley, and was known among the mountaineers by the name of *Le Pavillon*, or the Tent,—on account of the shelter it afforded from the sun and the storm. For more centuries than it is permitted to man to trace back the operations of nature, it had lain there, gradually sinking deeper on the lower side. "Mon Dieu!" cried the hunter, "what noise is that?" Basile looked aghast, and with pale, trembling lips, muttered, "It moves!" "What moves?" asked the hunter. "Le Pavillon," replied the other, "and the Englishman is beneath it." "Monsieur! monsieur!" shouted the hunter with admirable presence of mind, and the traveller ran toward them. At that moment, in compliance with the laws of gravitation, to obey which it was now at liberty, the huge mass bent forward its hoary front, snapping like threads of tow the complicated roots and the vegetation of ages, which had matted round, and, as it were, chained it to the mountain side. The young men were standing near the upper side, when (overbalanced by the impending weight beneath which they had been reposing) it seemed to rise from out of the earth like "a thing of life." The Englishman gazed in silent awe, as the ponderous fragment at last reeled slowly forward, as though incredulous

of its release, and anon leapt down the steep resistless. It had reached the projecting table which had been the boundary of their amusement—a crash like thunder was heard, and a chasm was seen at the brink of the ledge through which it had forced its way into a forest of pines below, where, for a few seconds, it was concealed—then, with renewed fury, it sprang forward. The hunter had been looking on hitherto with a feeling of pride—it was his native mountain—his native valley—the grandeur of the whole scene around was all his own—and he smiled in triumph. But his eye was from habit quicker than those of his companions: his countenance changed—he snatched the Englishman's telescope—levelled it in an instant to the valley, and exclaimed, "Oh, misericorde!" "What do you see?" cried his companions. "Oh! mercy, mercy! Santa Maria!" ejaculated the hunter, falling on his knees. "Speak!" shouted Basile, "what is it?" "Save her, save her! Oh, God!" cried the huntsman; "it is a woman with a child." The Englishman had taken the glass, and saw the poor creature in the valley far below: "She looks round," he exclaimed; "she sees her danger:—now—now—Oh, heavens! I cannot breathe:—the glass dropped from his hand, and he threw himself on the ground. When they looked again, there was no human being in that direction. The Pavillon rock stood alone in the midst of an impetuous mountain torrent, stemming its angry waters. "What sort of woman?" asked Basile; "could you guess who? And a child, said you?" The hunter replied only by a look too expressive of friendly commiseration to be misunderstood by poor Basile, who, exclaiming, "Oh! Louise!" with that wild power of voice which indicates intense mental agony, rushed, like a madman, headlong down the steep. "Follow him, for Heaven's sake!" cried the traveller. "Nor man nor beast may reach the valley in safety at the rate he goes," replied the hunter; and the next moment he was in pursuit of Basile, far below the Englishman, who, unused to such descents, vainly endeavoured to follow.

Louise was the daughter of an honest Savoyard, who had been induced by alluring promises to add himself to the thousands of able artificers employed to complete the well-known military road over the Simplon, which forms a communication between France and Italy. He was among the first of the hecatombs sacrificed to that Herculean labour: but there was some mystery about his end—no one had seen him since he was engaged with others in blowing up the rock near the grand gallery. It was supposed his body must have been engulfed in the dark abyss of the "Chaudron," that "hell of waters," in which the thundering cascade and the "arroyo" dived together in darkness. It became a question, whether he had perished on the French or the Italian side: there were no witnesses; and thus his widow and children were unable to substantiate their claim upon the funds provided for casualties. They had no friends to urge their suit, and the kindness of those who had been comrades and fellow-workmen with the deceased, rendered its success of little consequence so long as the great work was in hand. When that was terminated, however, the poor woman, with her daughter Louise, and a little boy only six months old, were exposed to want and neglect; for, except when travellers pursued their winding course along the great road, all was as quiet, as desolate, and as forlorn as ever. Little was it that Basile could occasionally spare from

the donations of travellers, and the produce of his exertions at the post-houses, &c., to accumulate a trifle, wherewith he and Louise might begin the world. He had hopes of being regularly employed as a postilion:—but the widow would shake her head when *hope* was mentioned. It was a fatal rock, she said, on which we all rested till it was too late. Basile had said much with his eyes to Louise; but Louise knew that her mother depended on her alone, and that Basile was poor—and she sighed sometimes even in the midst of her favourite “chançons.” On the morning of that day, she had wandered with her little brother along the borders of the mountain stream to look for stones, such as she had seen an English traveller give a Napoleon for at the post-house. Little knew she of such matters; but she thought there were plenty of the same kind along the valley, and went forth on her search with dreams as wild as those which betray the speculating miner on a new discovery.

When Basile had reached the valley, all was silent except the rushing of the waters—there was no trace of the object he sought for, but dreaded to see—he listened—and at length heard the crying of a child. Led by the sound, he discovered poor Louise, apparently lifeless, in a hollow, protected by a rock, which, in the distance, had appeared level with the plain. There, likewise, was he found by the hunter, prostrate at her side. The Englishman arrived just as Louise first opened her eyes, and gazed wildly upon him and the hunter, on whose knee her head reclined while he had been bathing her temples with water. It was ever a mystery how she had escaped—whether instinct, fear, or the wind of the descending rock, had forced her into that secure retreat. From the moment she beheld her danger, all recollection had vanished. But when restored to life, words cannot describe her emotions on seeing him on whom her young and innocent heart had reposed its all of hope and future bliss, lying senseless beside her. She had “never told her love,” and he had been forbidden; but now, when Basile, who had fainted from over-excitement and exertion of mind and body, first breathed again the vital air, the first sound he heard was the voice of his Louise—the first thing he was sensible of was that her arm was round his neck—he recovered—he embraced her. A moment after, she appeared to recollect herself, looked round, and endeavoured to recall to mind what she could have said or done—but it was too late—she blushed, and sought a refuge from the stranger’s gaze in the bosom of her beloved Basile.

They live in their native canton. Their cottage stands on one of those beautiful spots above the valley of the Rhone, where the traveller may see vineyards and gardens won by the quiet and enduring spirit of industry from the world of desolation and magnificence around. To that spirit of mutual affection they owe the continuance of that happiness which they were at first enabled to realise by the generosity of the once thoughtless young English traveller.

PREGRINE WILTON.

#### MUSIC.

THE first Concert of the Melodists’ Club, to be given at Willis’s Rooms next Thursday, will (we see from the announcement) be supported by all the high vocal talent of the metropolis. There is hardly a name of note which does not figure in the list of performers; and a great treat of popular melody may be anticipated on the occasion.

#### DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

ACCORDING to established custom, the holiday folks were treated with a splendid after-piece at this theatre on Easter Monday. It is called *The Boy of Santillane, or the Robber of Asturias*; and abounds with banditti both of the cruel and the generous sort—scenes of ruined monasteries—dark forests and vaulted caverns—and has likewise a fair proportion of combats, robberies, and murders—besides concluding with an awful blowing up and conflagration, which, with true poetic justice, brings all but the virtuous to an untimely end. The story, such as it is, is taken, with some alterations, from Le Sage’s celebrated novel of *Gil Blas*; but like its namesake, which was brought out at the English Opera House a few years since, it is not when thrown into action one ten thousandth part so pleasing or interesting as in its original attractive and entertaining shape. We do not, however, look for much in such performances; and provided they be well acted, the scenery be good, and the machinery cleverly worked, it is as much as an Easter audience can fairly or honestly expect: with respect to these particulars, then, it gives us pleasure to speak in terms of great praise. Miss Kelly, who is at all times so engaging, is particularly clever in her personations of cowardly and cunning youths, and her performance of *Gil Blas*, unworthy as the character is of her great talents, exhibits many humorous, pathetic, and entertaining points. We would indeed particularly notice the arch manner in which she obtains the last ten ducats, the mule, and even the whip, from the canon *Gil Perez*, and the display of cowardice and affected courage in her probationary attack upon the supposed friar. These scenes are only equalled by the anxiety she displays to rescue *Donna Mensia*, and to preserve the ebbing life of her protector *Rolando*. Wallack, too, was precisely in his proper place in the Captain of the Banditti—his disguises were admirably worn, and his whole appearance, conduct, and style of acting, was in the true spirit of melo-dramatic interest. It is greatly to be regretted that he should so rarely appear in parts for which by nature as well as art, he is so much calculated to excel. Cooper also, who played another of the robbers, was seen to great advantage: his drunken combat with O. Smith is one of the best things we have seen him attempt. Harley made a little, and but a little, of the loquacious inn-keeper *Corcueto*; and a Mr. Webster, whom we have before had occasion to speak of with approbation, gave an excellent portrait of *Old Domingo*—so good, that we are surprised he does not find his way more frequently into characters of greater importance. Of the scenery, it is merely necessary to say, that the greater portion of it is painted by Stanfield, and that he has been well assisted in his labours by Andrews and Marinari. *The Romantic Village near Oviedo*, the *Sunset View on the Skirts of the Forest*, and the *extensive Carriage-road on the Montanos Santillanos*, are in his very best manner, and were much applauded. The machinery likewise was carefully worked, and the gods appeared to be delighted with the entire entertainment.

Somewhere about twelve o’clock the curtain again was drawn up for the representation of *The Two make a Pair*, in which La Porte enacted an intriguing footman smartly enough. In other respects, the piece is not worthy of notice, as the subject was much better treated six years ago by Mr. Poole, in his farce of *Match Making*.

On Wednesday a new three-act comedy was performed for the first time, called *Fast and Slow*. It is from the pen of Mr. Lunn—the author, or, to speak more correctly, the translator of several little French dramas; but although it contained two very fair comic situations, and two by no means bad sketches of character, it met, nevertheless, with but very indifferent success. The failure of this, and of many more of this gentleman’s pieces, may, we apprehend, be attributed to the same cause. His plan, whenever he attempts more than a farce in one, or, at the utmost, in two acts, is to take two or more French Vaudevilles, and mixing the incidents together, thus produces what, as far as the number of required acts and scenes are concerned, may be called a complete drama; but when the whole matter comes before the audience, it generally turns out, as in the present case, that the characters are so little connected with each other, and the materials incorporate so imperfectly, that the comedy, as a whole, affords little satisfaction or amusement. The part of *Tardy*, in *Fast and Slow*, which is the *Monsieur Tardif* of the French piece, and was very whimsically sustained by Liston, is one of the most entertaining dramatic personages we have met with for a long time; and had the character been worked out with judgment, and thrown into ingenious situations, would have proved as great a favourite as *Paul Pry*, or *Billy Lackaday*, or any other of Mr. Liston’s grotesque assumptions. We hope, indeed, still, that we shall not lose him altogether, but that Mr. Lunn, or some other dramatist, will oblige us with another, and a better view of him; as we are convinced that he is capable of being turned to the very best account. Dowton played *Mr. Prompt*, the hero of the other French piece, from which the comedy is taken; but the part is not so strongly marked as that of *Mr. Tardy*, and Dowton has of late got into a bad manner of what is vulgarly called gabbling over his dialogue, which rendered a good deal of what he was saying quite unintelligible.\* Mrs. Davison acted well, as she always does, as the wife of *Tardy*; and Mrs. Orger made the part of a French milliner very amusing and very prominent. Russell had a character which was written for little Keeley, and which, had the play been performed at Covent Garden, as at first intended, might have proved effective enough; but Mr. Russell seemed to understand the part as little as the audience appeared disposed to relish it. There was considerable opposition at the fall of the curtain; and the announcement by Liston for a second hearing was inaudible.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

THIS theatre likewise presented a splendid spectacle on Easter Monday, for the amusement of its youthful visitors. The title of the piece is, *Peter Wilkins, or the Flying Indians*; and some of the incidents are taken from the ingenious novel which bears the same name, and which imparted so much delight to our childish years. There are, of course, some characters added, to fill up the action of the piece; and these are—a monster, surpassing all monsters for his agility and flexibility of limb, by Paroloe; a Scotch pursuer, indifferently acted by Penson; an Irish boatswain, well played by Power; and a cockney law-stationer, imitatively sustained by Keeley. The scenery, which is by the Grieves, is very beautifully painted; and the machinery, by Saul, is of the very best

\* He, either from want of ability, or from an unjustifiable motive, murdered the part.—Ed.



contrivance. In fact, we have no hesitation in saying, that altogether *Peter Wilkins* is by far the best and most appropriate Easter piece that we have seen for many, many years; and we have little doubt that the ingenuity which has been displayed by all the parties concerned in its production, will meet with its proper recompense, and that the managers of this unfortunate and distracted concern will once more enjoy crowded houses and a full treasury.

A NEW *débütante* will soon appear at the King's Theatre—Signora Brambilla. She is said to be very beautiful. Her master is *Banderalli*.

MR. MATHEWS, after a week's holiday, has resumed his inimitable personations of character at the English Opera House.

AT the Adelphi, Mr. Yates has commenced a new and very successful performance.

AT the Argyll Rooms, a young *Roscius* in this line essayed his skill on Thursday. His name is Grossmith, and he is apparently about ten years old. He undertook about half a hundred characters, and for a child, acquitted himself with much versatility.

#### VARIETIES.

**Magnetism.**—By the aid of the very sensitive magnetic needle invented by M. Lebaillif, a singular property has been discovered in bismuth and antimony. On bringing these metals near the poles of the needle, they exercise on one pole as well as on the other a very evident repulsive power. After numerous experiments, they appear to be the only metals which exhibit this phenomenon.

**Fine Arts.**—We recently noticed the countenance given to literature and the fine arts by the King of the Netherlands. His majesty has just afforded a new proof of this, by allotting 20,000 florins annually from the treasury, for the purchase of the best pictures produced by native artists within the year.

**Genoa.**—A magnificent theatre has just been finished at Genoa. It is much larger than the Scala at Milan, and the stage wider than that of San Carlos at Naples. It is to be opened next month.

**The Nuraghes of Sardinia.**—M. Petit-Radel, a member of the French Institute, in a little treatise which he has published on these extraordinary remains of antiquity, considers them as the ruins of Cyclopean or Pelasgian edifices. His work is accompanied by some lithographic plates, which convey a very faithful idea of the appearance of these strange works of some of the most ancient tribes by which the world was peopled.

**Aerolite.**—A fragment of the meteoric stone which fell near Ferrara, 15th January, 1824, has been analysed in Paris; and the result is stated to be, 1. that it is physically different from ordinary aerolites; 2. that its constituent parts are also different, and differently combined; and 3. that its examination confirms the opinion of these remarkable bodies being consolidated before they enter the atmosphere.

**The Princess Victoria.**—It may be gratifying to the public to learn, that in the selection of masters for the instruction of the young princess who stands so near the throne of this country, a decided preference is shewn for native professors;—the Rev. Mr. Davis having been selected to superintend generally the first rudiments of education; Mr. Steward, the writing-master of Westminster School, the writing and arithmetic; Mr. Jenkins, the dancing; and in

that department wherein, from the influence of the present fashionable taste, the appointment of a foreigner might most naturally have been looked for, that of music, Mr. J. B. Sale—whose predilection for the ancient school was well known and appreciated by her venerable grandsire—has been chosen to direct her attention to those models which were so justly the admiration of his late Majesty.—(*Correspondent*.)

**Ancient Calculation.**—In the Musée Royale at Paris is an Etruscan stone, representing a man seated before a little chess-board, on which there are three small globes. He appears about to move one of these globes with one of his hands, while in the other he holds a tablet covered with ciphers. At the edge of the stone is the word "Apcar," in Etruscan characters. Professor Orioli, of Bologna, in a dissertation on this stone, states it to be his opinion that the figure is that of a calculator, and that the ciphers are Etruscan numerals. He supposes the word *apcar* to be *abacar*, derived from *abacus*; and that the three little globes are the *abaculi* spoken of by Pliny as *calculi vitrei*. (Book 26, ch. 36). M. Orioli proceeds to endeavour to determine the value of the numerical characters traced on the tablet.

#### Impromptu.

"No phrase has Laura placed amiss,"  
Mirtillo said; "a style like this  
No *Sevigné* ever wrote."  
He said, but in a year or two,  
His valet, of each *billet-doux*  
Had made a *papillote*.

J. L.—W.—E.

**Circulation of the Blood.**—M. Milne-Edwards, at the last sitting of the Société Philomatique, at Paris, read a paper by Dr. Barry, on the application of the barometer to the study of vertebral animals. When Dr. Barry communicated to the French Institute his hypothesis with respect to the cause of the circulation of the blood, which he thought he had discovered in the pressure of the atmosphere, the committee to whom the subject was referred, while they bestowed great praise on the English doctor, objected to his hypothesis, that it did not explain the circulation of the blood in animals, which, like reptiles, swallowed the air, instead of respiring it. To meet this objection, Dr. Barry contrived some experiments, by the assistance of which he can render sensible the fall of the mercury in a barometer properly placed, at the moment at which deglutition of air occurs.

**Anecdotes.**—Some MSS. of the time of the French revolution were recently advertised in our columns, and the subject recalls two or three anecdotes to our memory from Condorcet. The society of which Monsieur (afterwards Louis XVIII.) was a member previous to the revolution, were in the habit of amusing themselves by singular and whimsical jests. One of the members, Monsieur de Montesquieu, bet with a friend, that if he exposed for sale, in the market-place, crown pieces for 24 sous each, no one would buy. For this purpose he sent a man into the most public situation, who cried out to those who passed, "Good crowns of six livres for 24 sous each! At 24 sous, good crowns of six livres! Who'll buy?" The people assembled round him, staring and listening with astonishment: they examined, touched, and jingled the pieces, but did not trust to appearances. The most cunning amongst them perceived that the money was false, and rejected it. In fine, at the end of nearly an hour the man had only sold four of them, doubtless to individuals who were per-

suaded that the crowns were forged, but who hoped to make them pass some day, by placing them amongst others.

So far was the ridiculous distinction of ranks carried by some of the enemies of the French revolution, that it extended to the most trifling circumstances. When an individual was admitted into the bureau of L\*\*\*\*\*, keeper of the seals, the two folding-doors were thrown open if he were a bishop; if he were a gentleman, merely the right door was opened for him; but if he were only a simple deputy of the third rank, he entered by the left door. A member of the Constitutional Assembly one day observed to the minister, in reference to this distinction, that he honoured the third *rang* too much, and that he ought to make persons who belonged to it pass through the key-hole.

Upon a particular occasion, the Keeper of the Seals was speaking to an individual present of the danger of innovations. "Would you wish, my lord," observed the latter, "that Pont-neuf (new bridge) should be unchristened?" "No, assuredly," was the reply.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Miss Lucy Atkins's Court of Elizabeth, has, we observe, just been translated into the French language. The *Revue Encyclopédique*, on noticing this, expresses its regret that her writings are so little known in France. A weekly *Gazette di Letteratura* Belle Arti, &c. in Italian, has been commenced in London.

Part I. of a Natural History of the Bible; or, a descriptive Account of the Zoology, Botany, and Mineralogy of the Holy Scriptures, illustrated with numerous engravings, is announced by Mr. William Carpenter.

Mr. William J. Thoms announces a series of *Reprints*, accompanied by illustrative and bibliographical Notices of the more curious old Prose Romances. The work will appear in monthly parts, and the first, containing the prose *Life of Robert the Deuyl*, from the edition by Wynkyn de Worde, in the Garrick Collection, will soon be ready.

Mr. Northcote, the Royal Academician, announces for early publication, *One Hundred Fables in Prose and Verse*, Original and Selected, embellished with 270 Engravings on wood, from designs by Mr. N. and W. Harvey. The whole is expected to be a very rich specimen of art.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1827.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 12	From 42. to 52.	29.68 to 29.80
Friday... 13	49. to 56.	29.96 to 30.00
Saturday... 14	39. to 57.	30.04 to 30.06
Sunday... 15	40. to 54.	29.94 to Stat.
Monday... 16	42. to 57.	29.94 to Stat.
Tuesday... 17	35. to 57.	29.94 to 29.89
Wednesday 18	35. to 48.	29.83 to 29.73

Wind variable, N. and N.W. prevailing. Except the 13th and 14th, generally cloudy and raining. Rain fallen .475 of an inch.

Edmonton. Latitude... 51° 37' 35" N. Longitude... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters or packets for the Editor must be addressed to him, *post paid*, at the Literary Gazette Office, Wellington Street, Strand.

Politicians is meant, we presume, for the City of Politics or Politicians.

We cannot comply with the requests of T. J. W., Thomas Moore Little, Cameron; &c. Letters received on Friday are too late for notice.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

The Annual General Meeting of the Society will be held on Thursday, April 26th, at the Society's Apartments, No. 2, Parliament Street. The Chair will be taken at Three o'clock precisely.

RICHARD CATTERMOLE, Secretary.

## ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

The Nobility, Friends, and Subscribers are respectfully informed, that the TWELFTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL will be celebrated in Freemasons' Hall, on Tuesday, the 24th instant, on which occasion

The Right Honourable LORD FAIRBORN, G.C.B. has most kindly signified his intention to preside.

**Stewards.**  
His Grace the Duke of Bedford  
Right Hon. Earl Gower  
Right Hon. Earl of Surrey  
Right Hon. Viscount Dudley and Ward  
Right Hon. Lord Grantham  
Right Hon. James F. Leveson Gower, M.P.  
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Dinner on Table at Five o'clock.  
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Festivities (including wine) at 11. 1/2. Each may be had of the Stewards, the Assistant Secretary's, 14, Duke Street, Portland Place, and at Freemasons' Tavern.

W. J. ROPER, Assistant Secretary.

British Institution, Pall Mall.  
CLOSE OF THE PRESENT EXHIBITION.

**THE Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, (including the Pictures of the Battle of the Nile, at the moment of the blowing-up of the L'Orient, and that of the Representation of Admiral De Water delivering his sword to Lord Duncan after the Battle of Camperdown, presented by the British Institution to the Royal Hospital of Greenwich, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening, and will be closed on Saturday, the 24th instant.**

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WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

**THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS will OPEN their Twenty-third EXHIBITION at the Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East, on MONDAY next, the 2nd instant.**

CHARLES WILD, Secretary.

**SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.** The Exhibition of the Society of British Artists is open daily to the Public, from 9 to 5 in the Morning till dusk.

N.B. Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.  
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**BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.** No. CXXI. For January 1857.  
Contents: I. Letter from a Scottish Freeholder to the Gallery of the German Free Classics, by the English Opinion-Rater, No. 2, Leinster's Lanes—III. Aerial Chariots, No. 7—IV. Colonel O'Higgins—V. From the Autobiography of Madame de Sevigne—VI. On the Carpet—VI. Hood's Whims and Oddities—VII. What will become of Poor Ireland?—VIII. Letter on Ricardo's Theory of Rent—IX. Winter, in Six Sonnets—X. Selwyn in Society of a Daughter, Chaps. I. and II.—XI. Notes Ambrosianae, No. 30—XII. Works preparing for Publication—XIII. Monthly List of New Publications—XIV. Appointments, Promotions, &c.—XV. Births, Marriages, and Deaths.  
Printed for William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

**THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY CALENDAR** for the Year 1857. Containing a List of all the Members of the University, the Tripos Lists of Mathematical Honours for the last 30 Years, Lists of Classical Honours, Prizes, Exhibitions, Scholarships, Fellowships, Degrees conferred during the Year 1856, a List of Representatives in Parliament of the University for the last Century, the Problems given at the Examinations for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts in January last; also Regulations for the previous Examination of Undergraduates, &c. &c. To be continued annually.  
Cambridge: Printed at the University Press, for J. and J. D. Deighton; sold in London by Longman and Co., C. and J. Whittington; Hatchard and Son; G. B. Whittaker; J. Mawman; J. Richardson; and Simpkin and Marshall; and by J. Parker, Oxford.

**THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL and MISCELLANY.** No. XIV.  
Published for the Proprietors, by Oliver and Boyd, and John Anderson, Junr., Edinburgh; Geo. B. Whittaker and Co., C. and J. Whittington; Hatchard and Son; and Robertson and Atkinson, Glasgow.

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**CHRIST on the CROSS. PAULO ANGREZINT** begs to inform the Nobility and Gentry, that he has, at considerable expense, obtained and fitted up his Exhibition of Mr. Slevier's Colossal Marble Figure of Christ on the Cross, and other Works of Art, which are now open to public view, and he hopes to meet with the favour of their kind Patronage. No. 305, Regent Street, near Conduit Street.  
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Published by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London; and to be had of W. H. Lister, Engraver, and D. Lister, Bookseller, 5, St. David Street, Edinburgh.

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